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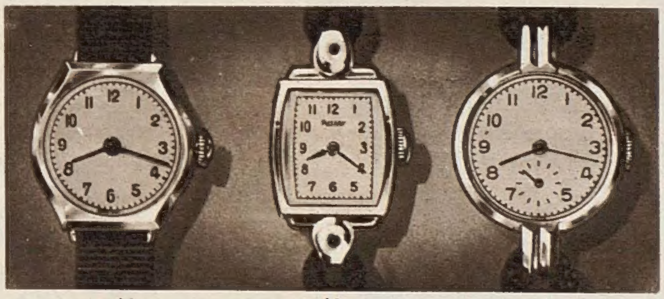

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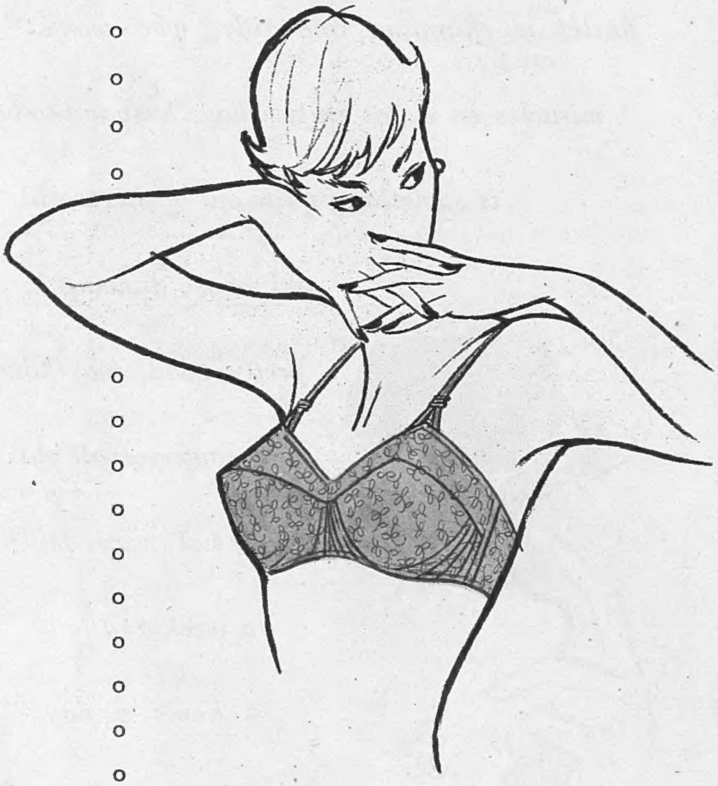

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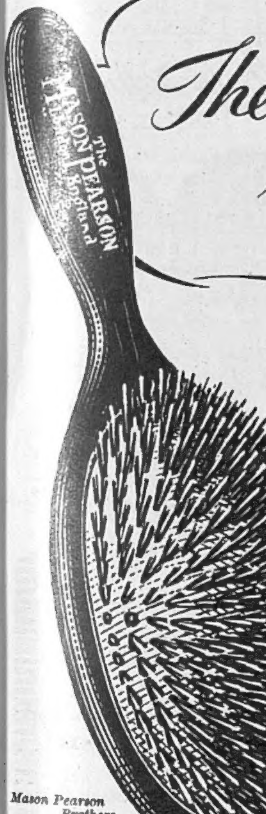

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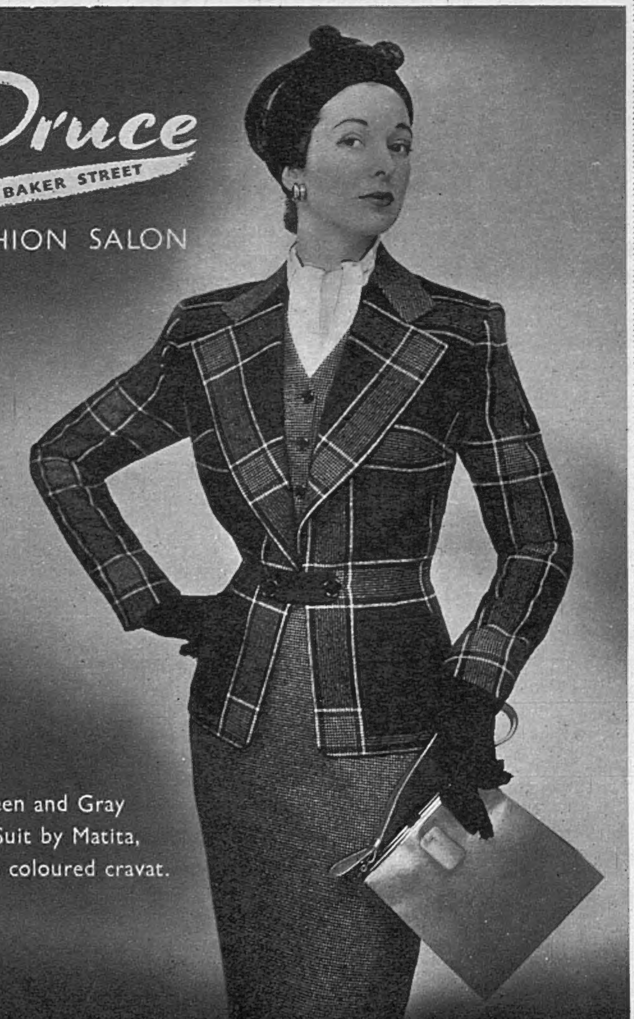

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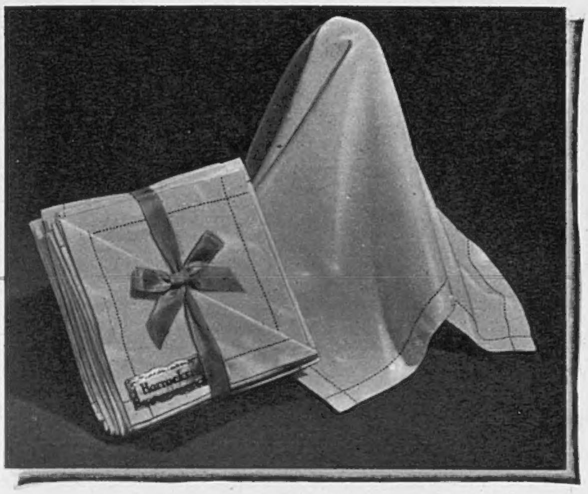

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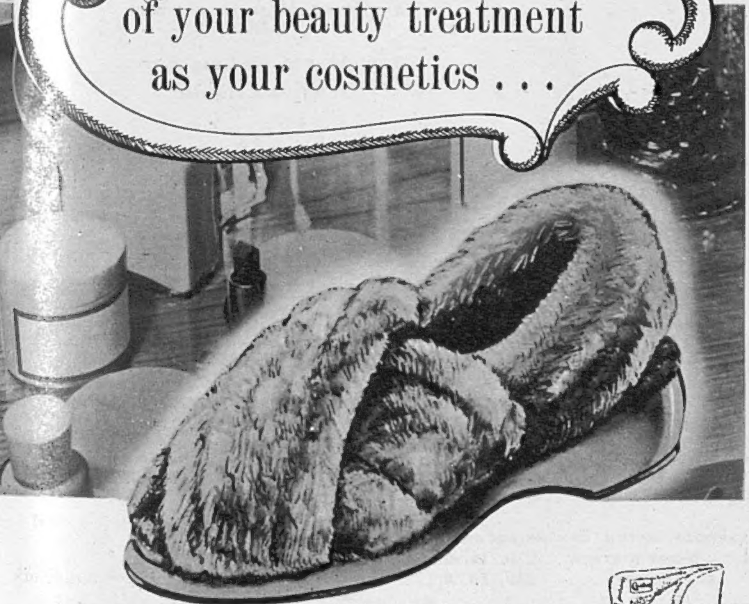

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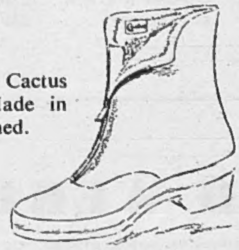

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Age:	3	4	5
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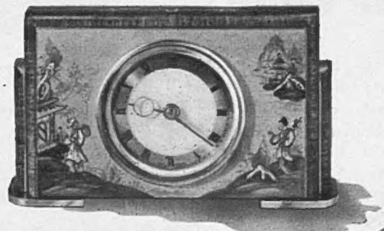

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1951

"VIVE LA PRINCESSE!"

. . . cried the Paris crowds as Princess Margaret, who flew over to attend the gala Ball in aid of the Hertford British Hospital, entered the *Cercle Interallié*, where it took place. With her Royal Highness is British Ambassador Sir Oliver Harvey, and greeting her is the Comtesse Jeanne de Polignac.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

ON a recent Sunday I offered to drive an Irish friend, the leading cancer specialist in his country, to the airport. He told me cheerfully that our destination was "London Airport," and it was not until we practically arrived there that he realised that he meant Northolt. We did that appalling cross-country drive in record time, however, and reached Northolt seven minutes before the 'plane was due to leave. The B.E.A. officials told him that he was too late to go on board. They admitted that the passengers were still waiting in the lounge, but they maintained that they had not got "time to fill in the forms." When my friend told them that he had five people to operate on the following morning, and did they not think perhaps a human life was more important than form-filling, they replied very politely that, alas, they had to stick to their regulations. The 'plane duly took off and my friend had to return to London for the night. The next day, incidentally, he spent three-and-a-half hours at Northolt because his aircraft was grounded with engine trouble. Without being political, it does seem to me that the one remaining pledge which the Conservative Party might still honour is that to stamp on meaningless petty bureaucracy.

While I cannot award any marks this week to our nationalised air lines, I must applaud the good sense of another Government department—the Customs and Excise. A year ago, with beginner's luck, I was fortunate enough to get the best Spanish ibex head of the year. My Spanish friends had it stuffed and mounted and have sent it to me. The Customs at first demanded that a value should be put on it, to which my agents replied that at the very most it might be worth 30s., and I doubt, if it were my last possession in the world, whether Uncle Robert would advance me much on the strength of it. Their next come-back was that it was a "dressed skin." However, I succeeded in winning game, set, match and the ibex by pointing out that if I wished to win the affections of a young lady I doubted whether she would choose a strip of hairy mountain goat's hide in preference to a mink!

WHILE on the subject of things Irish, I have a bouquet for Mr. Frederick Boland, the Irish Ambassador. At a dinner the other night at the Authors' Club he spoke for nearly an hour on the subject of "Ireland's Unwritten Literature." I have seldom heard a more eloquent, more amusing or better

constructed speech. Indeed, I can recall only one to parallel it, and that, curiously enough, was delivered in the same room by Mr. Harold Macmillan, when he was describing his Greek experiences. As in the case of Mr. Boland, the whole speech was delivered with the aid of a single sheet of notepaper. As you can imagine, the subject lent itself to amusing anecdotage. I, myself, was able to contribute the exclamation of the old Galway beater when he was given half-a-crown for carrying an English guest's cartridge bag: "God bless your honour, an' may your honour live to be a hundred, an' then be hung for rape."

BEING nothing of a golfer, playing the game irregularly and without either conspicuous success or indeed pleasure, I was delighted, on looking at "Fritz" Ponsonby's *Recollections of Three Reigns*, to discover that Queen Alexandra had much the same irreverent attitude to the game. "The Queen seemed to confuse it with hockey and was under the impression that one had to prevent the opponent putting the ball into the hole. This usually ended by a scrimmage on the green. She also thought that the person who got into the hole first won it, and asked me to hurry up and run between the strokes."

Golf is practically a substitute for formal religion with many Britons, which, of course, facilitates the step from Royal and Ancient to Ancient and Modern. I am sorry to see that the C. of E. is tampering with Hymns Ancient and Modern, and that it is proposed that no fewer than 200 hymns are to go. Among the intended victims is my old friend the "child she-bear," for whom, if you remember, a "woman's tender care" may cease. The "child she-bear" always exercised the same hold over my youthful imagination as poor little Gladly. Gladly, if you remember, was "my cross-eyed bear." I remember, as a child, seeing some Indians in the Himalayas who had shot a mother bear and were now bringing the cub down the mountain road. Poor little creature, it was being dragged along at the end of a chain, and whenever since I have thought of Gladly, I have imagined that poor cub growing up to the miserable existence of being an Indian dancing bear and going through life with the additional handicap of a ferocious squint. Of course, a large number of hymns are neither sound in sense nor attractive in tune. I remember some years ago sitting on the old city wall at Jerusalem with the then Director of Antiquities. He pointed to a peculiarly horrible open drain oozing its way down through the barren rocks which were dancing in the heat haze. "That," he said, "is what the Anglican hymnodists call 'By cool Siloam's shady rill.'"

I WAS delighted to meet again, after an interval of some months, Reginald ("Tommy") Thompson, whose book *Cry Korea* seems to be making such a stir. Tommy was in the Intelligence Corps in the early days of the war, and is, I think, one of the most remarkable and bizarre of my friends. Indeed, the first I heard of him was when a "high-up" in Whitehall wrote to me about him, saying "I think you will like him. His idea of heaven would be to be crossing the Andes on a yak at full gallop firing a couple of revolvers in the face of impossible odds." I remember taking him once into a pleasant little club to which I belong. In a matter of minutes he had an entranced audience consisting of a couple of Law Lords, a Cabinet Minister, an M.P. and a general of immense distinction, enthralled by a particular card trick he was showing them. He had, I believe, prefaced his demonstration by saying: "If you were to find yourself in Tacna-Arica, and you had no money and it was essential that you should acquire some, you might find this useful." About a week later my telephone rang. It was one of the Law Lords to ask me if I was bringing my interesting friend into the club in the near future. I said I thought that might be so, and asked him why. "Well, you see, I think I have nearly got it right, but I would just like to check it with him."

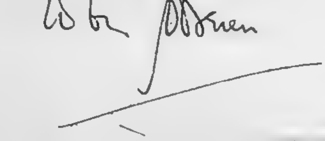
Tommy is one of those people who appear not to know the meaning of physical fear. In this, of course, he resembles Winston Churchill. Lord Tweedsmuir, I remember, had to act as Winston's conducting officer in Italy when the Eighth Army was before the Gothic Line. The Prime Minister was wearing some remarkable and conspicuous clothing, and insisted on going so far forward in his jeep that the enemy started to shell them. His only reaction was to remark: "Ha! Cannon." A little later a perspiring Johnny Tweedsmuir had at last persuaded him to dismount, but he insisted on going so far forward that they came under severe small arms fire. Again the incredible old warrior's only reaction was "Ha! Musketry."

"Play it, old man? Good lord, no! I fill it with hot water and it keeps me warm for hours!"

MR. CHURCHILL, as a boy at Harrow, was a "lepidopterist, or what we used to call a 'bug hunter.'" I like the story, new to me, which I was told the other night, of the small boy who wanted to learn all about butterflies and moths. His parents suggested that he should go to the Public Library and read up the subject. A little while later he said that he had read two books on mothing, but did not know any more about the subject than when he started. Asked what the books were, he said *Advice to Young Moth-ers* and *What Every Young Moth-er Should Know*.

IN the last issue of *The Sketch* I commented on the extreme modesty of Josh Logan, who wrote the book of *South Pacific*, and said that I suspected him of developing a new technique of propaganda, which was so to cry down his own wares that those who saw the show would be the better delighted. Having now seen *South Pacific*, I realise that I was crediting Mr. Logan with too much subtlety. It is a good show, and I had a most enjoyable evening, but in my humble opinion it is not in the same street as *Oklahoma!* and *Annie Get Your Gun*. Perhaps, however, my view is coloured by my resentment of the fact that I cannot get "One Enchanted Evening" out of my mind!

AS we shiver in the first really cold nip of winter, the summer and cricket seem very far away. Last night, however, I ran into a former fellow-member of "The Bachelors." This was a cricket team organised by Denzil Bachelor at Oxford. We played neighbouring villages or theological colleges. It was a light-hearted, even hilarious performance. The team might be nearly all "Blues"—O'Brien was not included on those occasions—or consist largely of rabbits, in which case he was. Denzil himself was often a non-playing captain. He made up for this by sending a stream of telegrams. Telegraph boys would wheel their bicycles through the lush Oxfordshire hay fields to deliver a telegram which would run something like this: "Put Magnus on at Pavilion end," to which we replied "No Pavilion. So what?"



Fun with a horse (he had movable legs and a jockey up, but *could* he race ?) was had by Misses Sarah Barnard and Gillian Burton, Mr. M. Scott and Mr. John Lees.

And they angled for a bottle of champagne, with tense, precise movements. L. to r. : Mr. R. Marx, his wife, Mr. Patrick Drury-Lowe, Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylo

The "500" Ball

Predominantly young people danced at the exclusive "500" Ball at Claridge's, on November 16, in aid of the British Rheumatic Association's welfare department for individual sufferers. This social event has the name for being the most romantic of the season, often producing an astonishing number of engagements. There was plenty to amuse between dances. Guests tried their luck at the various side-shows ; played "Housey-housey" ; and competed for the wonderful prizes to be had from the Tombola. A London Zoo spider monkey was brought along by Mrs. Noble-Mathews ; his name had to be guessed ; the prize : a hand-beaten pewter mug. Tommy Kinsman's band played for the dancing, and Clifford Stanton provided the cabaret. Guests were received by the Deputy Chairman, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, the Vice-Chairman of the British Rheumatic Association, Major Ellert Forbes, and Mrs. Forbes, and the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, Hon. Treasurer of the Ball and Chairman of the Junior Committee.

As part of the cabaret Clifford Stanton performed his well-known "Personalities on Parade," which proved good sport for . . .

. . . the young company who sat on the floor as well as those who had chairs to sit on. Unrestrained laughter was the order of the day.

Miss Helene Duffus watched her fiancé, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield (Chairman of the Junior Committee and Hon. Treasurer of the Ball) ring the jumping cat's tail in the "Cat on the Tiles" event.

Mrs. Melville Boustead found it quite a business to "Ring the Rod," one of the most ticklish of the side-shows, though it doesn't look it.

Mr. F. J. Robins and Mrs. Neville-Rolfe, Secretary of the British Rheumatic Association and Hon. Organiser of the Ball.

At midnight the Dowager Lady Swaythling made the draw for winners of the donation prizes.

Two members of the Junior Committee of the Ball: Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker.

A basket of wonderful fruit was the prize won by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Calvert.

Watching Miss Eve Shakerley sell a programme to Captain Jan Barnes were Miss Tania Holcroft and Mr. Mark Cory-Wright.

Full-throated enjoyment. Miss Ann Davina Alderton, Miss Ann Binney, Mr. Alan Brodrick, and Miss Eve Stephens liked the cabaret.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE

There may be a Christmas Day wedding for actress Moira Lister, star of Ustinov's *The Love of Four Colonels*, who has just become engaged to the Vicomte d'Orthez, of 14a, Manchester Square and the Château de la Montagne, Rilly, France. Miss Lister—daughter of Major James Martin Lister, of Johannesburg—will take just three days off from the cast at Wyndham's, and the wedding will take place in France, possibly from the Château de la Montagne. The Vicomte gives his name to the champagne he exports from his own vineyards.

Excerpts from our Social Diary

NOV. 13.—ANGLO-PORTUGUESE SOCIETY held their Anniversary Dinner at the Savoy, with Lord Mountbatten guest of honour. *Picture, left* shows the Portuguese Ambassador, Dr. Ruy Ulrich, centre, talking to Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Young. Mr. Young is in the Foreign Office. His Excellency read Mr. Churchill's message referring to our ancient friendship: for since as far back as 1373 England and Portugal had been "friends to friends, foes to foes." *On the right:* Mr. A. S. Hinshelwood and his daughter Philippa had a joke together.

NOV. 15.—SPORTSMEN'S GOOD CAUSE. Round about 100 Masters of Hounds, in hunting pink or green—or blue, in the case of the Duke of Beaufort—attended world première of Somerset Maugham film *Encore*. (Encore again, please, Mr. Maugham!) Gala première was in aid of Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund. *Left:* Joint Master of the Old Surrey and Burstow, Mr. George Perring, with his wife. *Centre:* Ballet-dancer Ludmilla Tcherina, enchanting in off-shoulder gown; orchids in hand. *Right:* Mr. James Hanson of the Rufford partnered film-star Susan Shaw.

NOV. 15.—A LOOK AT GOLF. In the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association autumn meeting at West Hill, Brookwood, Mrs. J. S. F. Morrison won the Challenge Cup with a score of 76. It was, of course, medal play.

NOV. 15.—JAMAICA HURRICANE Relief Fund. The Queen arranged to attend a concert at Royal Festival Hall, in aid of this Fund, on November 27. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone is Concert President, and was present at committee meeting at Dorchester. *Above:* Lady Huggins, President of Relief Fund, met, right, Mr. Bustamante, Jamaica's labour leader, and centre, Rudolf Comacho, Jamaican tenor.

Excerpts from our Social Diary

THEY DANCED IN THE BUCK HALL.

MISS PATRICIA SAINSBURY AND MR. ANTHONY McCAFFRY.

MRS. J. SISSONS AND MR. R. J. ASHLEY.

MISS NATASHA JUER AND MR. J. GARDNER.

NOV. 16.—THE COWDRAY HUNT BALL. Six hundred and fifty people danced in splendid Buck Hall at Cowdray Park, seat of the Master, Lord Cowdray. Surrounded by beautiful paintings and tapestry, their only illumination was the strip-lighting above the pictures. Guests came from neighbouring hunts; included members of the Crawley and Horsham, the Chiddingfold, *et al.* Bill Savill's band played modern dances; a reel or so; but no square dances. In the flower-massed gallery, people sat out, watched the dancers below. An excellent supper was provided. Among the paintings in the general scene above may be seen a Gheeraerts, and in the corner, Lawrence's portrait of Lady Saye and Sele. A glamorous night with a wonderful background.

MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL GLAZEBROOK.

LADY DOUGLAS GORDON DANCED WITH THE MASTER, LORD COWDRAY.

MR. AND MRS. A. M. LANGDALE.

NOV. 16.—NORWEGIAN Crown Prince Olav, centre, *left*, viewed exhibition of paintings by compatriot Edvard Munch, hanging in the Tate Gallery. With him, right, the Tate Gallery's Director, Mr. John Rothenstein; and left, Mr. Philip James, Director, the Arts Council of G.B. H.R.H. went on to a reception given at the Norwegian Embassy by H.E. the Norwegian Ambassador and Mrs. Prebensen. *Right:* Mrs. N. A. Jorgensen stood by while Mr. Prebensen courteously shook hands with Airedale *Bobbie*, who gazed at the cameraman.

NOV. 19.—PRINCE PHILIP was guest of honour at British Olympic Association's Annual Dinner at the Savoy. On left, chairman the Duke of Beaufort; and right, Lord Burghley, chairman, the British Olympic Council. The Duke of Beaufort presiding, made nation-wide appeal for funds to take the best team of competitors ever to represent Britain to the Games at Helsinki next July.

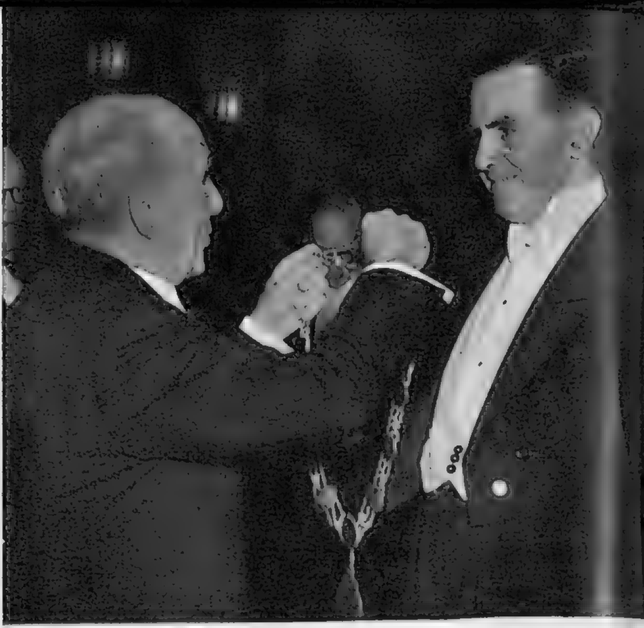
NOV. 19.—FLANKED by Essex and England cricketers Peter (right) and Ray Smith, Mrs. Odette Churchill signed autographs at 2s. 6d. a time at the United Charities Fair at Grosvenor House. Earlier she had performed the opening ceremony.

NOV. 21.—ROYAL OWNER. At Kempton Park the Queen and Princess Elizabeth went to see her Majesty's new Irish five-year-old gelding *Devon Loch* run second to Mr. A. E. Berry's *Rahshas* in the Vauxhall Novices' Hurdle race. Group shows Lord Gowrie, one of the stewards, the Queen, Mr. Peter Cazalet, her trainer, Lady Lewes, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Henry Tufton and Lord Lewes. *Right: Rahshas*, with J. Gilbert up, leading the Queen's promising *Devon Loch*—Tony Grantham up.

[*Continued overleaf.*

Excerpts from our Social Diary

NOV. 21.—PRINCESS ALICE Countess of Athlone held a cocktail party at Kensington Palace, to discuss concert at Royal Festival Hall, November 27, in aid of Jamaica Hurricane Relief Fund, of which she is president. With her is its chairman, Lady Huggins.



NOV. 21.—AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL and Dinner of the Printers' Pension Corporation, held at the Connaught Rooms, Mr. Geoffrey L. Tillotson, president, received the insignia of office from Mr. W. T. Welfare. Speeches were excellent and to the point.

NOV. 21.—FIRST ANNIVERSARY celebrations of cast of *To Dorothy a Son* at the Garrick were held at the Washington Hotel; the host, Mr. Jack de Leon. Principals of the Vivian Ellis musical *And So To Bed* entertained the guests to an impromptu concert. *Left:* Wendy Toye, Tony Steele, and Miss Sharman Douglas. *Centre:* Richard Attenborough lifted his tankard to toast his wife Sheila Sim; Jack de Leon looked on. *Right:* Sir Bronson Albery and Jessie Royce Landis.

NOV. 22.—NOT CRICKET at Lord's, but reception in Long Room after wedding of Mr. R. Macdonald to Miss Gillian Aird.

NOV. 26.—AT CIRO'S for the Invalid Children's Aid Association Dinner and Dance were newly-marrieds Lord and Lady Blandford. He threw hoops at the Hoop-la stall; his wife held the ammunition. *Right:* Mr. Billy Wallace, chairman of the Ball, and member of Princess Margaret's circle of friends, was quite at home in the square dance, with the Hon. Mrs. R. D. Cardiff.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

1. Film-star JOAN RICE, for being absolutely wrapped-up in her new sphere.

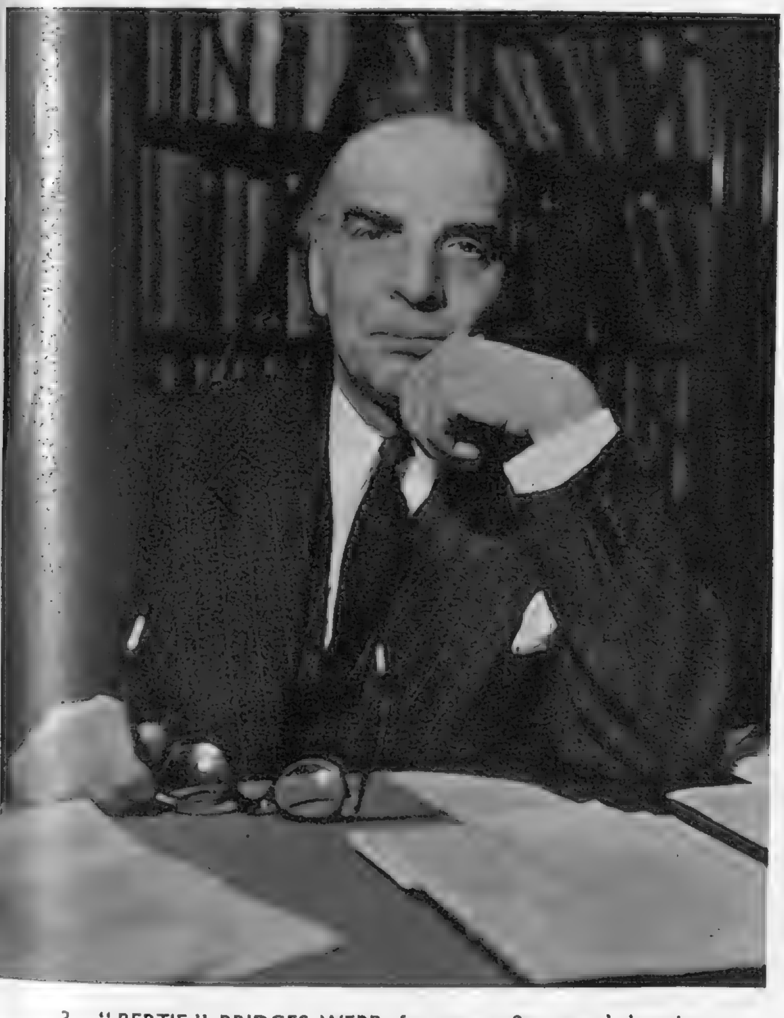
2. Racing motorist STIRLING MOSS, for being co-driver on a slow bus to Brighton as well as British No. 1 champion driver for two years running.

1. Elected "Miss Press Cuttings, 1951" at the Press Ball given by the trade and technical Press at the Royal Empire Society's Hall in the Strand, Joan Rice decked herself out suitably. She concocted a hat and overskirt of newspaper cuttings with a result not only becoming but congruous.

2. Taking part in the Annual Veterans' Commemoration Run to Brighton on November 18, champion driver Stirling Moss (in the *mécanicien's* seat) and owner Bob Gregory, made their way south from Hyde Park to Brighton in Gregory's 1904 Darracq Flying Fifteen without losing a mark for over-speeding.

3. At the recent P.D.S.A. Silver Jubilee reception, Lord Brabazon revealed the fact that for twenty-five years Mr. Bridges Webb has been connected with that magnificent organisation, the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Founded in 1917 by the late Mrs. Dickin, it gives free treatment to tens of thousands of animals per year in Great Britain alone ; it has established seventy-five dispensaries throughout the British Isles ; controls eighteen caravans to serve remote country districts. The P.D.S.A. now operates in many parts of the world. Mr. Bridges Webb's special target is to open one fresh dispensary each month.

4. Radio and stage comedian Jimmy Edwards—Master of Arts of Cambridge University in his own right—has followed up this erudite beginning by—in a sense—a grand finale as Rector of Aberdeen University. Whichever way you look at it, there 's no need for anyone to tell *him* to "wake up at the back, there ! "



3. "BERTIE" BRIDGES WEBB, for twenty-five years' devotion to the cause of sick animals.

4. "PROFESSOR" JIMMY EDWARDS, for being elected Rector of Aberdeen University.

AT THE THEATRE.

West End Favourites

FIGURE OF FUN
(Aldwych)

John Mills stands on his head when the curtain rises. So, it seems, does the dramatist. But don't take the first act too seriously. All is explained later on, and you will admire a crafty piece of construction and some of the most beguiling performances in London. Arthur Macrae, who has adapted the piece from André Roussin, appears himself. There is a long part for John Mills—with one fine moment of seriousness—and Brenda Bruce acts with her usual crisp sense of comedy.

AND SO TO BED
(New)

This is a leaf that—so we must believe—fluttered from Pepys's journal. Here the diarist is both musical and amorous. In the course of a night's adventure, he meets King Charles the Second in trying circumstances. J. B. Fagan wrote the original play; the musical version, devised by Vivian Ellis, has been treated with simplicity and taste, and Leslie Henson refuses to make hay of Pepys. Jessie Royce Landis (Mrs. Knight) and Betty Paul (Mrs. Pepys) are the two women in the matter.

THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY
(Piccadilly)

It is a pleasant thing to be England's leading burglar, even if you have to hide your light under a very heavy bushel. It is pleasant also to observe your family growing up in crime around you, and especially to watch the progress of your son as a highly-skilled forger. Admirable; but what a blow when the boy decides to go straight! The father survives—he has his own way of surviving—and Jack Hulbert (the most respectable man in Hampstead) shows us now what happens. The Ian Hay–L. du Garde Peach comedy develops a happy paradox, and it has in it the delightful figure of a woolly clergyman, acted by Denys Blakelock.

PENNY PLAIN
(St. Martin's)

While Joyce Grenfell tells us that she is an earth-lover; while the company guys the Family Play; while Rose Hill is a voiceless prima donna; and while an alarming trio presents Ronald Searle's three little maids from St. Trinian's, this is in the best tradition of intimate revue.

WOMEN OF TWILIGHT
(Vaudeville)

When Barbara Couper is about, I would rather say "Women of Darkness." She is as grim a figure as the West End stage has had for years. Occupants of the home for unmarried mothers (a bit of baby-farming as well) include Rene Ray, Vida Hope, Miriam Karlin, and Joslin Parlane.

★ First Choice ★

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

(Adelphi)

THERE was a time, eleven years ago, when a democratic republic, conquered by its enemy, found itself partitioned and under the nominal rule, as Head of State, of a retired Marshal: an almost legendary figure from the past. If you have this in mind at the Adelphi Theatre, you will follow one of Peter Ustinov's parallels. But there is a second, and a surprising, parallel which the dramatist takes too far. He wants us to accept the doddering Marshal as another Lear: at the end of the play we have a full-dress tragic scene with Lear above the body of the dead Cordelia.

Forget parallels for a moment, and take it simply as a play. It is often dynamic; it does throb with ideas, though we must admit that Ustinov talks too much. An exciting talker at his best, he does not yet know when he has said enough. He has certainly said enough before the end of the last scene when the dotard, disgraced and exiled after the liberation, is hearing guns in the thunder and watching the white-lipped waves that are his charging cavalry. Always cavalry: he is out of our world, a child again—playing at soldiers.

He had been brought back by the cunning Prime Minister, a cynical realist, who knew what the old man's value would be as the figurehead of the nation. When the call arrives he is wheeled in, a man who has become a mere "inch of taper." Four years afterwards—and he seems to have gained in physical strength during the gap—he is exiled in an island fortress. There his daughter (called Cordelia) dies at his feet. The play gets its title from the words of the venal press photographer who is Chorus to the play: the man who has been condemned to tell so many lies with his camera, and who seeks now "one moment of truth." That comes in the Lear-Marshal's sudden awakening to his position—a foolish fond old man, his daughter dead—and the photographer has the moment he desires.

This fellow—given cunningly the echo-line, "We go to bed at noon"—was once a circus clown. Ustinov has conceived him with craft, and Brian Wilde acts him well. But all the acting is first-rate. The dramatist could not wish for better treatment than he gets from Eric Portman, who presents age without superfluous creaking and groaning; from Charles Goldner, the complex Prime Minister, who overshadows the first half of the play, and who—a certain inaudibility apart—is always supple and poised; and from Josephine Griffin as the unhappy daughter. Ustinov can write dialogue of a quality few modern dramatists reach. The main trouble here is copiousness. Will someone please pass the shears?

. . with J. C. TREWIN

SUMMER AND SMOKE

(*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

ANY girl born into the world as the heroine of a play by Tennessee Williams will have an unhappy life. She will be lame, shy, and unsupplied with Gentlemen Callers ; or she will be a genteel nymphomaniac ; or, stilted, ineffectual, good-hearted, she will waste herself on hopeless love for the boy next door. The present heroine is Alma (she tells us frequently that her Christian name is Spanish for " soul "), who lives in Glorious Hill, Mississippi, in the year 1916. She is a minister's daughter. Across the way is John, a doctor's son, a dashing type for whom Alma has yearned since youth. Between them is a fountain that symbolises something. Alma has a pernickety father and a mentally unsound mother. John has no mother and a severe father. He begins by being the black sheep of the town ; he ends as a minor hero. The trilling Alma always remains much the same. Except at one unfortunate moment, she can never get really near to John. It is as if they were at opposite ends of a see-saw : in this position no one makes much progress.

Here, then, is another study in frustration—less tiresome than the laborious *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Indeed, it is quietly moving now and then (if not especially dramatic), with an odd faded-album atmosphere. Margaret Johnston holds the stage with ease in a part that could have been shattered by an over-emphatic, actressy treatment ; William Sylvester is serviceably the boy next door. The lights flash up now on one part, now another, of Reece Pemberton's composite set ; and Peter Glenville has ordered the stage with the air of a man at home way down with Tennessee. Well enough ; but I fear that already the evening drifts from mind like a gentle curl of smoke.

★

THE DUMB WIFE OF CHEAPSIDE

(*New Torch*)

WE begin in Edwardian Grosvenor Square with the duologue called *A Marriage Has Been Arranged*, precise, calculated, civilised. The author is Alfred Sutro ; the date, 1904 ; the theme, wooing-and-winning. It is spoken tolerably well. Fifteen minutes later we are in the Middle Ages : Alderman Groat's house in Cheapside. Here is the wife whose new-found speech becomes a mill-race ; here the husband who pleads for deafness. Ashley Dukes's dialogue preserves a style that needs more respectful treatment. Only one actress, Margaret Johns (in both the plays), has quality : this is a name to remember.

Plans for the Future

Taking the place of the short-lived *Héloïse* at the Duke of York's next Tuesday (December 11) is *The Day's Mischief*. In this, produced by Norman Marshall, Lesley Storm (author of *Black Chiffon*) has written a drama, set in an English manufacturing town, in which an adolescent schoolgirl has a " crush " on her Latin master. The leading parts are acted by Ian Hunter, Catherine Lacey, Walter Fitzgerald, Beatrix Lehmann, Muriel Pavlow and Nuna Davey : a fine cast.

Peter Watling's *Indian Summer* opens at the Criterion on Dec. 12.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

Any new performance by Michael Redgrave, after his exciting Stratford-upon-Avon season, has special interest. He is now to have the leading part in *The Country Girl*, a Clifford Odets play, for eight people, about theatrical life. Henry Sherek and Sam Wanamaker present it at the Lyceum, Edinburgh, on Feb. 11 ; and it comes to the West End after six weeks.

IN WATERLOO ROAD

Donald Wolfit will not appear at the Old Vic after *The Clandestine Marriage*—which begins to-night (December 5)—ends its run. With his wife (Rosalind Iden), he has resigned. King Lear will now be played—in the Hugh Hunt production on March 3—by Stephen Murray, and Timon of Athens (later on) by André Morell. Freda Jackson also joins the cast, as Goneril in *Lear*. While *A Midsummer Night's Dream* occupies the Vic—from Boxing Day to February 16—the other Vic company will tour in *King Lear* and *The Clandestine Marriage* for seven weeks on the Continent.

EPILOGUE

These are bad days for the curtain-raiser ; but Jack Hulbert at the Piccadilly Theatre (and, most reasonably, at the end of a topsy-turvy farce) is now specialising in the final curtain-speech. It has been his habit lately to talk for ten or fifteen minutes on topics of the day, to the surprise and pleasure of a house unused to more than the customary word or two and a bow.

GETTING AROUND

The Winter's Tale, which ends at the Phœnix on January 4, will be followed a few days later by John Gielgud as Benedick, Diana Wynyard as Beatrice, and Paul Scofield as Don Pedro, in the Stratford-upon-Avon production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. . . . It is probable that Andrew Rosenthal's *Third Person*, staged recently at the Arts, and newly-licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, will move to a larger theatre. . . . Shirley Cocks's *The Monkey Puzzle* will appear in the West End next spring.

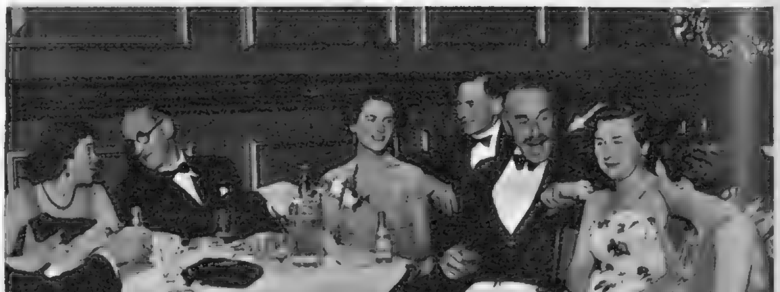
The Town Hall was festively banked with dahlias, chrysanthemums, behind which Mr. Arthur Cole, the spa musical director, conducted his orchestra.

Cheltenham Rotary Club Annual Ball

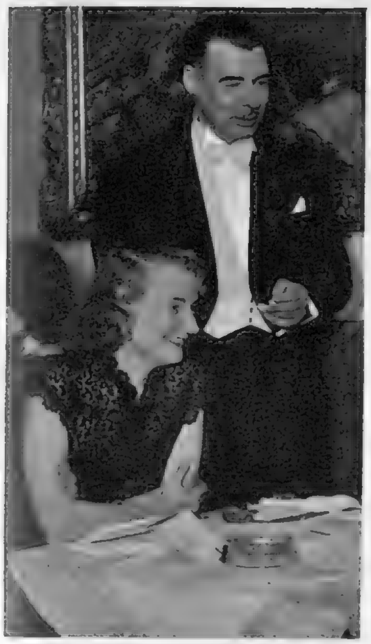
Cheltenham's M.P., Major W. W. Hicks Beach, with his wife, and over 500 Rotarians and friends from Gloucester, Stroud, Cirencester, Tewkesbury and Ross-on-Wye, crowded into the Town Hall for Cheltenham Rotary Club's Annual Ball recently. The dance-hall was massed with flowers ; corners were decorated, and a hedge partitioned off the Pillar Room, where supper was served. Arthur Cole, musical director of the spa, and his orchestra, played modern and old-time dance music for the guests, and the evening's highlight was a spectacular dance performed by the Three Renowns, who have appeared on the Continent, in America, and Australia.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Gay company, l. to r. : Mr. F. H. Edwards, Mr. Neil McKay, and Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Ransom, Mr. Ransom, Mr. Chipperton, Mrs Fisher and Mr. David Wainwright.



L. to r. : Lady Colwyn, Mr. Siddons White, Mrs. Saddler, wife of a past President, Mr. Margeot, Dr. Saddler, Mrs. Bowes and Mrs. Johnston.



Mrs. S. P. Hamill and her husband.

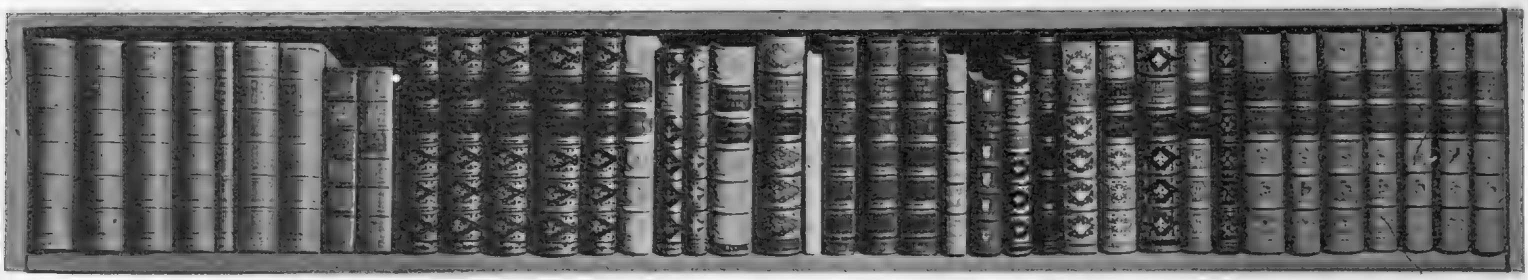
Lined up for the start, l. to r.: the Misses Gillian Holder, Teddie Dance, Margaret Holder, Mrs. Holder and Miss Bunty Moulder.

Mr. and Mrs. K. N. Nash enjoyed a private joke during this most successful party.

At supper, l. to r.: *front row:* Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hicks Beach. *Back row:* Dr. Donald E. Morley, Councillor T. Kenneth Waite (President), Alderman P. T. Smith (Deputy Mayor), and Major W. W. Hicks Beach, M.P.

Front row, l. to r.: Mr. G. H. Dowty, Mrs. A. C. Webster, Mrs. Dowty, Mrs. Hamill, Mrs. Bembury. *Standing, behind:* Mr. L. Bembury and Mr. M. J. Wallis.

L. to r.: Mrs. Ralph Lawson, Lt.-Col. G. H. W. Ryland, President, Cheltenham Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. Ryland, Mrs. Littlewood, Mr. Ralph Lawson, Mr. F. T. Littlewood, Mr. and Mrs. Gouldie.



OUR BOOKSHELF

THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN. By Howard Spring. (*Collins*; 15s.)
THE MAGIC OF MY YOUTH. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. (*Hart-Davis*; 12s. 6d.)
FOLLOW MY LEADER. By Louis Hagen. (*Wingate*; 15s.)
HANGSAMAN. By Shirley Jackson. (*Gollancz*; 10s. 6d.)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

PEOPLE for whom "the English novel" implies a vital art form and not a mere category of books in a certain range of prices and bindings, must feel a sense of deep gratitude to Mr. Howard Spring. Almost alone among living novelists, he works in one particular set but splendid tradition, that of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell and John Galsworthy. His novels, crowded with characters, move deliberately through a long series of incidents, covering the generations as they pass, but they are never dull and never too protracted. None of their minor characters is forgotten—each returns to the stage at intervals till the last of his story is told. *The Houses in Between* is like that—rich, leisurely, amiable, a stroll through the last century. It is a life-story told by a woman who dies only a few months before she would have become a centenarian in 1948, a woman who remembers being taken as a child to the opening of the Great Exhibition and who lives an unselfish, not very distinguished or dramatic, but a good and interesting life as a member of an upper-middle-class English family. She loses members of that family in the Zulu War, the Boer, the Great and the Second World Wars. One of her circle becomes a sort of William Whiteley or Gordon Selfridge; another, her husband, is a minor politician, while her governess blossoms into an Ouida of the time, but Sarah Undridge herself as a girl, wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother is always rather plain and ordinary, knowing neither malice nor violent passion nor overwhelming tragedy, but a shrewd observer and an excellent raconteur. This is a story to live with for a few contented days or weeks.

MR. ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL is to be congratulated on the title of his new book—*The Magic of My Youth*—which has the advantage of meaning exactly what it says, for he is writing about Magic, black, white or natural, that which the *Oxford Dictionary* calls "the pretended art of influencing course of events by occult control of nature or of spirits." He is remembering that queer little man "the Vickybird," who once worked with the even queerer Aleister Crowley and was reputed to have been turned into a zebra by the Beast 666 of the Apocalypse, as Crowley called himself. Mr. Calder-Marshall met "the Vickybird" in the unlikely surroundings of a Sussex village, where the former sub-editor of *The Equinox* had a printing press and their acquaintance led to others—Aunt Helen with "the voice of Phèdre" and the pet mongooses, Betty May, the Epstein model in the tiger-skin coat, and, finally, "the Beast" himself, who appeared as a "bald and elderly stockbroker" with "a tired, used face, sagging with satiation." A cruelly effective portrait follows of this Crowley, reputed to be the most evil man in the world, but in decay a rheumy-eyed bore trying to out-stare his visitor across the table of a furnished house in Knockholt. The book, though, is much more than a series of character-sketches, it recalls, sometimes nostalgically but more often with a tolerant smile at a young man's credulity and ambition, the enchanted 1920's, the vanished Bohemianism which still dared to use that name for itself, the beery and boisterous nights at the Fitzroy Tavern, and the posing and precocity of undergraduate life at Oxford. It is a book to be read not only by us who lived through that memorable era, but by those born too late for it.

MR. LOUIS HAGEN, in *Follow my Leader*, is concerned with a different magic and a very different mesmerist, but his theme, too, is lost credulity and deflated hero-worship. He returned to Germany after the war, having last seen it from behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp from which he was released in time to join the British Army in 1939. He seeks out seven men and two women, in all of whom he now observes and reports the effects of Nazism. The book is, if you like, a series of case-histories, but apart from their interest as such and their significance at the present time, they are so well told that even as stories they make excellent reading. The men and women have been cleverly chosen and the conclusions to be drawn from their stories are not all comforting ones, but they are insistent and clear. No one who wishes to understand post-war Germany should fail to study them.

THE word magic occurs again in the "blurb" of *Hangsaman*, by Shirley Jackson, for the publishers speak of "the particular magic of which Miss Jackson is master." For once I find a publisher's recommendation well justified. There *is* magic in this author's work—almost the kind of magic of which Mr. Calder-Marshall speaks, but magic from which there is an awakening and a return to reality. The story is of growing pains in a seventeen-year-old girl whose father and mother, etched in sharp outline, view one another with obsessed bitterness. Natalie Waite, their daughter, has a haunted childhood, but the ghosts are largely of her own evocation, for she is an intense and introspective creature who creates her own melodramatic dream-world and is frightened by its manifestations. Sometimes Miss Jackson herself seems carried away by this two-edged intensity which becomes, though very rarely, a trifle silly, as when Natalie "cringes away from her own worn mind" because her family is dull at breakfast and her brother passes her the toast "without displaying any conspicuous interest in whether or not she starved." (Would she, one cannot help asking, have preferred a brother who passed toast in a way which *did* display that conspicuous interest? If so, just how would he pass it?) The tight-drawn psychological suspense of the whole story, however, rises to a high pitch of terror and pain before the everyday sun comes out in the last paragraph. It is almost without a false note or an uneasy paragraph, and that is no merely negative virtue in writing as Brontësque as this. A most interesting piece of work.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

US by Fougasse. (*Methuen*; 7s. 6d.)
Funny.

BACK TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
By Ronald Searle. (*Macdonald*; 6s.)
Funnier.

LET 'S FACE IT.
By David Langdon. (*Methuen*; 8s. 6d.)
Funniest.

MY TURN TO MAKE THE TEA.
By Monica Dickens. (*Michael Joseph*; 10s. 6d.)
Life on a provincial newspaper, a successor to *One Pair of Hands*.

A ROUND OF GOLF COURSES.
By Patric Dickinson. (*Evans*; 18s.)
Illustrated descriptions of the nine golf courses which the author chooses as "the best." It will doubtless find enthusiastic readers among the members of these.

SOLVING THE CHRISTMAS GIFT PROBLEM

IT is never easy to choose Christmas gifts and be sure that they are just the right thing for the friend for whom they were chosen.

There is, however, one gift which many of our readers have told us always brings letters of genuine gratitude, and that is a year's subscription to *The Sketch*. This is by no means only applicable to friends and relations abroad but to those at home in England. In both cases the regular delivery of *The Sketch* throughout the year keeps your friends in constant touch with all the interesting things that are happening in the Theatre, the Cinema, and the worlds of Art, Literature and Fashion. It keeps them in touch, too, with important social functions in various parts of the country, in some of which they will almost certainly have a personal interest, and in others of which they will renew the acquaintance of mutual friends. And we need hardly add that every time *The Sketch* is delivered to them they will be reminded of your happy Christmas thought.

Orders for subscriptions can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to the Subscription Department, *The Sketch*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The cost of the subscription, which includes the extra Christmas Number, and, of course, postage, is as follows:

For friends overseas: Canada, £2 19s.; elsewhere abroad, £3. For friends at home: £3.

THE PRINCESS AT THE PARIS BALL

One of Princess Margaret's earliest partners at the gala Ball in the salons of the *Cercle Interallié* was Prince Marc Charles de Beauvau-Craon, descendant of the Duc d'Anjou, with whom she danced a quick-step. She wore her lovely twenty-first-birthday gown of white tulle with sparkling diamond tiara and necklace. The Prince was a member of General de Gaulle's cabinet in London and Algiers.

[*Continued overleaf.*

Mr. and Mrs. Terence G. M. Weldon. He is Sir Anthony Weldon's brother.

Spanish beauty. Miss Mercédes Gorina, of Barcelona.

The Baron and Baroness Roland de l'Erpée.

L. to r.: Miss Clarissa Chaplin, Mr. David Duncan, Miss Stella Jebb, Lady Gladwyn Jebb, Captain Geoffrey Hernu, M. Paul de Ganay, and Miss A. de Brantes.

Princess Margaret danced with M.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Bennett.

The Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld with the Marquise de Dalmatie.

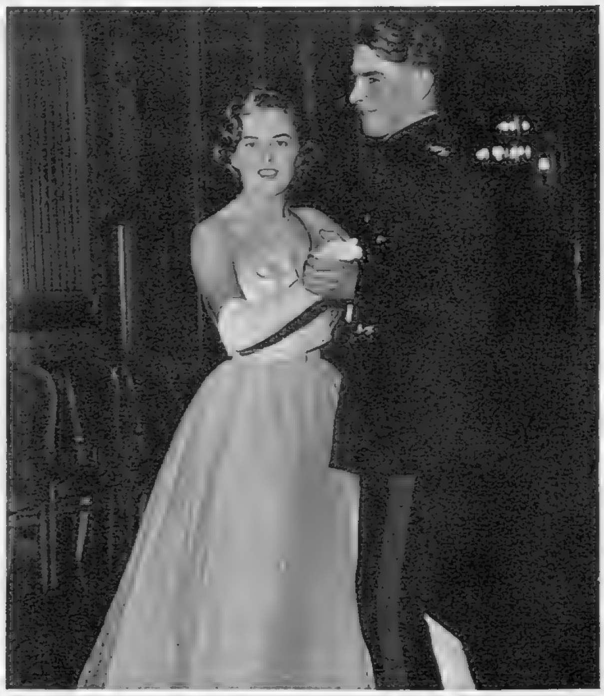
THE P
AT THE

It was the most brilliant occasion of
princesses, countesses, ambassadors
salons of the *Cercle Interallié* in the
British Embassy, at the Ball attended
in aid of the Hertford British Hospi
took the floor with Sir Oliver Harv
she stayed, in a quick-step. She was
with diamonds. Women guests wor
houses. Guests included Sir Duff and
Nicholas of Yugoslavia. Over a thou
eleventh-hour acquisitions. The hospit

A group of the guests who waited eagerly for the arrival of Princess Margaret.

...ul Auriol, son of France's President.

Lady Diana Cooper.



Sir Gladwyn Jebb's daughter Stella danced with Captain Geoffrey Hernu.

...RINCESS ...ARIS BALL (*Contd.*)

...of the Paris season. A galaxy of princes, ...and their wives danced in the crowded ...aubourg St. Honoré, next door to the ...d by Princess Margaret on November 21, ... at Neuilly. Her Royal Highness first ..., the British Ambassador, with whom ...s a glittering figure in her white Dior gown ...or creations of the most exclusive Paris ...d Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Plunket, Prince ...ousand tickets were sold, many of them ...ta is maintained by voluntary contributions.

Seated: Miss Elizabeth Firestone, with Mrs. Miles Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges Marie and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Marchal.

[Continued overleaf

L. to r.: M. A. Patino, Countess di Rovasenda, Lady Granard, Lord Granard, M. André Lacaze.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kingsbury Smith with Mme. Françoise Goussault.

Miss Ethel le Vane and Mr. Fred Gimball.

Mr. C. E. Dudley, Director of the Hertford British Hospital (left), with Brigadier Swinton Lee.

Sir Bernard and Lady Docker.

Mme. Forteot, Mr. Raymond Bousquet and Mme. Crasso.

L. to r.: Mr. and Mrs. John Price, Mr. Teddy Jackson and his fiancée, Miss Eve Harris.

GUESTS AT THE PARIS BALL

(Continued from previous pages.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

I AM never much troubled by what are called, I believe, the "responsibilities" of criticism. I do not lie awake wondering whether I have been too harsh or discouraging to young writers, perhaps because, like most new boys, I have had my share of bullying and do not think it does anyone any harm. But when it comes to this annual article about recent children's books, I am appalled by the responsibility—not, let me say quickly, towards the writers, but towards the young people who will receive books as gifts. A stupid or blind recommendation may easily spoil the pleasure which a book is intended to give, and when I remember the disgust with which, as a child, I viewed, all too often, some lurid quarto written for a pram-borne public years younger than I was, I begin to funk the issue. However, here they are spread beside me, in gay colours and bold type, and some attempt at selection must be made.

For older children there seems to be a really good batch to choose from. First of all there is a new book by Paul Gallico, who wrote *The Snow Goose.* Like all the very best children's books it will appeal to men and women as strongly as to children. It is called *The Small Miracle* (Michael Joseph; 5s.), and has been filmed as "Never Take No for an Answer." In a very different tradition, but also beautifully written, is Meriol Trevor's *The Fires and the Stars* (Faber; 10s. 6d.), a new novel-length story of the World Dionysius which has already enchanted more than one generation of children. More down-to-earth is an exciting holiday adventure called *Galloway Gamble*, by John Newsom (Macgibbon and Key; 9s. 6d.). Fast motor-cars, crime, the police and real danger come into this story in which the children are their own Dick Bartons. *Piney*, by Zachary Ball (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is a more sentimental affair about an orphan and his dog in Mississippi. It is intended for grown-ups as well as teen-agers, but seems to me to fall between two stools.

The school and family novels this year are written chiefly for and about girls. In *The Twins of Emu Plains*, by Mary Grant Bruce (Ward, Lock; 6s.), the twins are Jean and Josephine Weston, sixteen-year-olds who help their parents during a drought in the Australian bush. *Jennifer J.*, by Ethel Turner (Ward, Lock; 6s.), is also set in Australia and concerns a family with literary aspirations. *Christmas Term at Queen's Chantry*, by Sylvia Little (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d.), is a girls' school story, in which boys play some part.

Non-fiction for the same age group is more varied. There is Lady Peacock's *Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), a much illustrated biography. This will have a somewhat limited appeal, for it is not a life-story to interest the imaginative child who wants a chance of hero-worship. In spite of such well-meaning efforts as this, the generals in recent wars have not been inspiring figures in the eyes of the young. *The Modern Encyclopædia for Children* (Odhams; 12s. 6d.) is a remarkably inexpensive book, its 640 illustrated pages running from Aardvark, the African ant-bear, to Zoology, the study of animals, answering endless questions concisely. *Silver-Sand and Snow* (Michael Joseph; 15s.) is a collection which Eleanor Farjeon has made of the verses for children, which she has been writing for thirty-five years. They are, as a vast number of readers know, altogether delightful, light and gay, sometimes full of feeling, but never winsome or tricksy. *The Wonder Book of Comics* (Odhams; 8s. 6d.) is an anthology of stories, strips and articles, and *The Wonder Book of How It's Done* (Ward, Lock; 12s. 6d.) is of more scientific interest. It describes with excellent illustrations things as varied as the Arizona Boulder Dam, a Television Studio, Stainless Steel, and so on. A splendid present for children with the interests common to-day.

Coming down a stage to the slightly younger there is *Prince Caspian*, by C. S. Lewis (Bles; 10s. 6d.), rich adventures in the imaginary land of Narnia, *Willie Without*, by Margaret Moore (Faber; 8s. 6d.), an excellent story about a worm, and *The Adventures of So Hi*, by Cynon Beaton-Jones (Barrie; 8s. 6d.), in which a little Chinese boy sees some strange places and people, including Dripoff, a most presentable dragon. *The Flowered Donkey*, by Margaret Mackay (Faber; 8s. 6d.), is also about little Chinese boys, while *The Tooter*, by Diana Ross (Faber; 8s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories to be read aloud to the very young. Enid Blyton's *Gay Street Book* (Latimer House; 8s. 6d.) could be treated in the same way, but these stories are rather more conventional. *Manners Can Be Fun*, by Munro Leaf (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d.), is the clever modern counterpart of the old goody-goody children's book.

For the very small there is one particular, one very special, one not-to-be-forgotten, recommendation—Robert Tredinnick's *Neddy and Algernon* (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s.). Neddy is a toy donkey, Algernon is a stuffed duck, Louis is a cod who plays the trumpet, and Mr. Tredinnick is a born storyteller for children. *The Adventures of Ambrose*, by Rosemary Anne Sisson (Harrap; 6s.), is about a mouse, *Cherrywinkle*, by Rosalie K. Fry (Hutchinson; 3s. 6d.), is about a hawk-moth. *John and Jennifer and their Pets*, by Gee Denes (Nelson; 6s.), is the sixth of this series and is pleasantly illustrated with coloured and other photographs. *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, by Robert L. May (Publicity Products; 2s. 6d.), is a gay bit of nonsense in verse.

FIFTY YEARS OF PICASSO

Picasso's immense variety and inventiveness may to some extent be realised in these drawings, chosen from the Exhibition being held in honour of his seventieth birthday by the Institute of Contemporary Arts at 17, Dover Street, W.1., and which covers examples from half a century of work. The Exhibition closes on December 8.

1899.—PORTRAIT OF JAIME SABARTÈS (Barcelona).

1905.—PORTRAIT OF FERNANDE OLIVIER AND OTHERS (Paris).

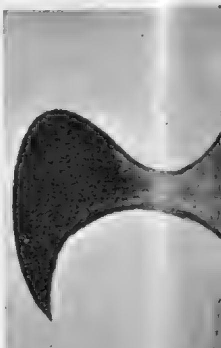
1911.—MAN SEATED IN
Lent by Mr. Eric

1932.—THE BATHERS.
Lent by Mr. Hugh Willoughby.

1936.—OLD MEN LOOKING AT THEMSELVES IN A MIRROR.

1944.—PORTRAIT OF DORA MAAR.
Lent by Madame Dora Maar.

1944.—STUDY AFTER *LA BACCHANALE* OF POUSSIN.
Made during the liberation of Paris.

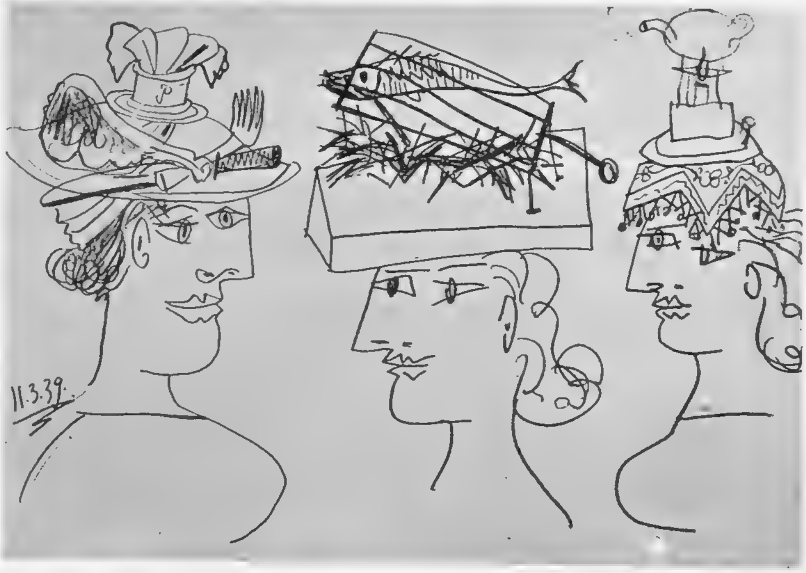


A CHAIR.
Estorick.

1919.—DANCING COUPLE.
Lent by Mrs. Sybil Mesens.

1923.—SEATED WOMAN WITH CHILD.
Lent by Mr. A. Zwemmer.

19[illegible]6.—STUDY, used for the Curtain at the Alhambra, Paris, of *Le Juillet*, a play by Romain Rolland.



1939.—LADIES WITH HATS.

1945.—BULL.

1951.—RECENT DRAWING.

This photograph of the sinister Dr. Bamberg (posed by Jon Manchip White) entirely dominated the action of Lance Sieveking's play, *A Tomb with a View*, although the character never actually appeared.

Christopher Mayhew, one of television's most accomplished political broadcasters, is appearing in a new short series, *International Commentary*. He is seen here, illustrating a point in his first programme.

Five very talented young artists: (l. to r.) Charles Ross, Dulcie Gray, Dennis Wood, Christopher Hewett and Yvonne Marsh, who appeared in a short excerpt from the late-night revue, *See You Later*, at the Watergate Theatre.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

A GLANCE at the *Radio Times* of the period under review will explain why we have confined our viewing somewhat. With two exceptions, the programmes have been about as original as a string of sausages. So let us concentrate on the two exceptions.

The first was *A Tomb with a View*, written, produced and adapted from his own novel by Lance Sieveking. The public had been warned beforehand that this was to be in the nature of an experiment. But if that announcement was calculated to still criticism, it was a wasted move; for critical arrows promptly flew in every direction with an intensity which alone proved the experiment to be worthwhile. "They've accused me of being everything from a genius to—well, everything except being in the pay of Russia!" That was how Mr. Sieveking summed up the positive avalanche of comment that his efforts let loose, when we had a chat with him about it all over a cup of "elevenses." For Mr. Sieveking's experiment was important enough to justify letting him state his case before criticising it.

The theme of *A Tomb with a View* was the solving of the mystery of a murder, committed forty years ago, by means of the gradual piecing together of various, seemingly unconnected, relics and scraps of information. Nothing very revolutionary in the matter then. But in the *manner* of his story-telling, Mr. Sieveking must have started many minds wondering whether some form of impressionism is not the golden answer to television presentation. But let him speak for himself.

"My idea with *A Tomb with a View* was to see if it would be possible, by concentrating on the writing, the acting, the lighting and the suitable composition of the script, to do without built sets or even pictorial backcloths. In their place, the dialogue would refer to such scenery as was necessary, in order to give *locale* and atmosphere; and the use of still pictures of the scene would further establish the setting in the minds of the viewers. In this way, a great variety of scenes, buildings and objects might be conveyed to the audience, visually, without the need for the actors to rush all over the studio from set to set.

"In fact, it was an attempt to achieve a dramatic effect by exploiting rather than overcoming television's principal limitations: the smallness of the screen, the indistinctness of background detail, the cramped studio conditions, the shortage of money available for production and the lack of time for adequate rehearsal.

"Mind you, I'm not saying that this treatment would suit every type of play, nor that I would use it to such an extent if I were to do *A Tomb with a View* again. It was just an experiment, and on the whole I'm not dissatisfied."

In commenting, we must at once say that Mr. Sieveking's experiment was one of the most exciting things that have yet happened in television. Whatever the method may have been, the effect was one of mounting tension, excitement and horror. As the grisly tale unfolded, four performances detached themselves from the general high level and became superb; Mary Merral and Selma Vaz Dias as a pair of those seemingly indestructible old ladies who are such an embalmed feature of the life of Monte Carlo; Richard Goolden as the retired C.I.D. inspector who unravels the mystery; and Elwyn Brooke-Jones as a whimsical M.I.5 man who abets, assuming a series of disguises in which he unfailingly resembles a certain Near East royalty.

Where Mr. Sieveking went wrong was in allowing his production to become jerky and his technique intrusive by the over-repetitive interruption of the action with still pictures. Also he allowed himself to become so absorbed in the establishment of the various threads of his story that the overall dramatic line went to pieces. However, it was a treat for the viewer to be regarded as an intelligent adult and to be forced to think for himself.

The second exception was altogether in a lighter vein—in fact, it can only be described as a mad romp. We refer to George R. Foa's production of the famous Offenbach operetta *La Belle Hélène*, with a considerably revised libretto by Richard Gorer. Here again some of television's limitations were exploited. The problem of effective period costuming has yet to be solved, so Stephen Bundy provided some deliberately tatty and incongruous ones. Vocalists are not often the best of actors, but once they are let into the joke they are capable of "hamming" in the drollest way. To make sure that no one took the thing seriously, Terry-Thomas was brought in as *compère* and anachronous *deus ex machina*.

Of the performances, our chief delight was in Barbara Rawson's Helen. She is a very lovely young lady who can sing beautifully and act well. We also say "thank you" to Gerald Davies, Dennis Bowen, Edmund Donlevy, Gertrude Holt and Ray Jackson for helping along a very pleasant and amusing evening's viewing.

" WAGGONLOAD O' MONKEYS."

" INTIMATE RELATIONS."

" PEEP SHOW."

" FANCY FREE."

LONDON THEATRE GUYED . . .

. . . by the Three Wiere Brothers who, with Mildred Seymour at the piano, "are as likeable an act as we have had for some time" (*vide* our theatre critic, *Sketch*, November 21). Their "supple and inventive" clowning was one of the highlights of the recent Royal Command Variety show, since when they have been successfully bringing the house down in *Peep Show* at the Palladium.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

" RELUCTANT HEROES."

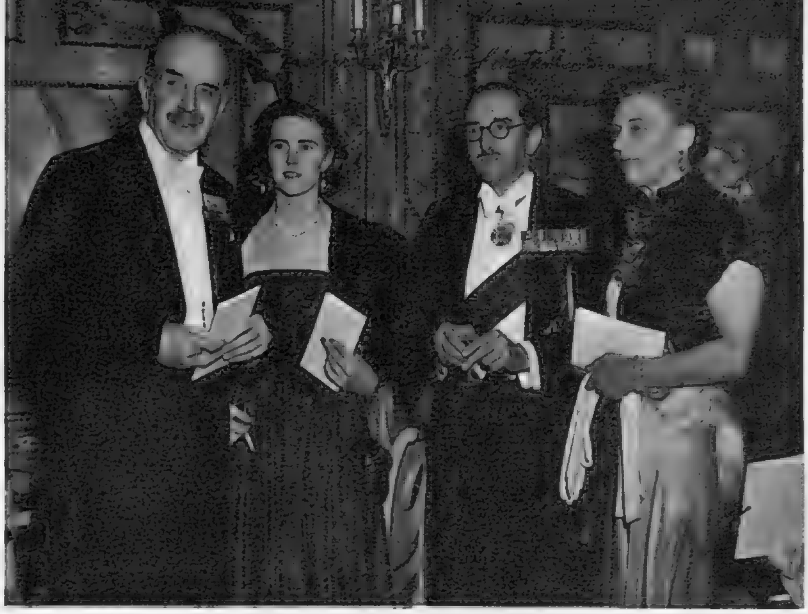
Lady O'Neill and the Rt. Hon. Sir Hugh O'Neill, who was chairman, greeted the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester on their arrival at the Trocadero Restaurant.

Mrs. C. E. Jackson and her brother, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, studied the evening's programme with a keen eye for detail.

Ulstermen's Night Out

To the Trocadero as Earl and Countess of Ulster went the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—guests of honour at the dinner given on November 21 by the London Ulster Association. This title has been used by Royalty since the time of Edward IV., and it is one of the Duke's titles, though he reminded Sir Hugh O'Neill that in the sixteenth century the O'Neill family had wanted it for themselves! The London Ulster Association was formed before the First World War to bring together Ulster men and women who work in the Metropolis. They organise bridge drives, musical evenings, and junior members hold a dance once a month. There is, too, an energetic Film Circle and Dramatic Society within the Association. Ulster's Prime Minister, Sir Basil Brooke, and the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, were present, as well as two wartime commanders—F.M. Lord Alanbrooke, now a keen ornithologist, and F.M. Sir Claude Auchinleck, who paints landscapes in oils.

Mr. Edward E. Black, with Major-General F. R. H. Mollan, Commandant of the Royal Army Medical College, and his father, Mr. James Black, who is a member of the Association.

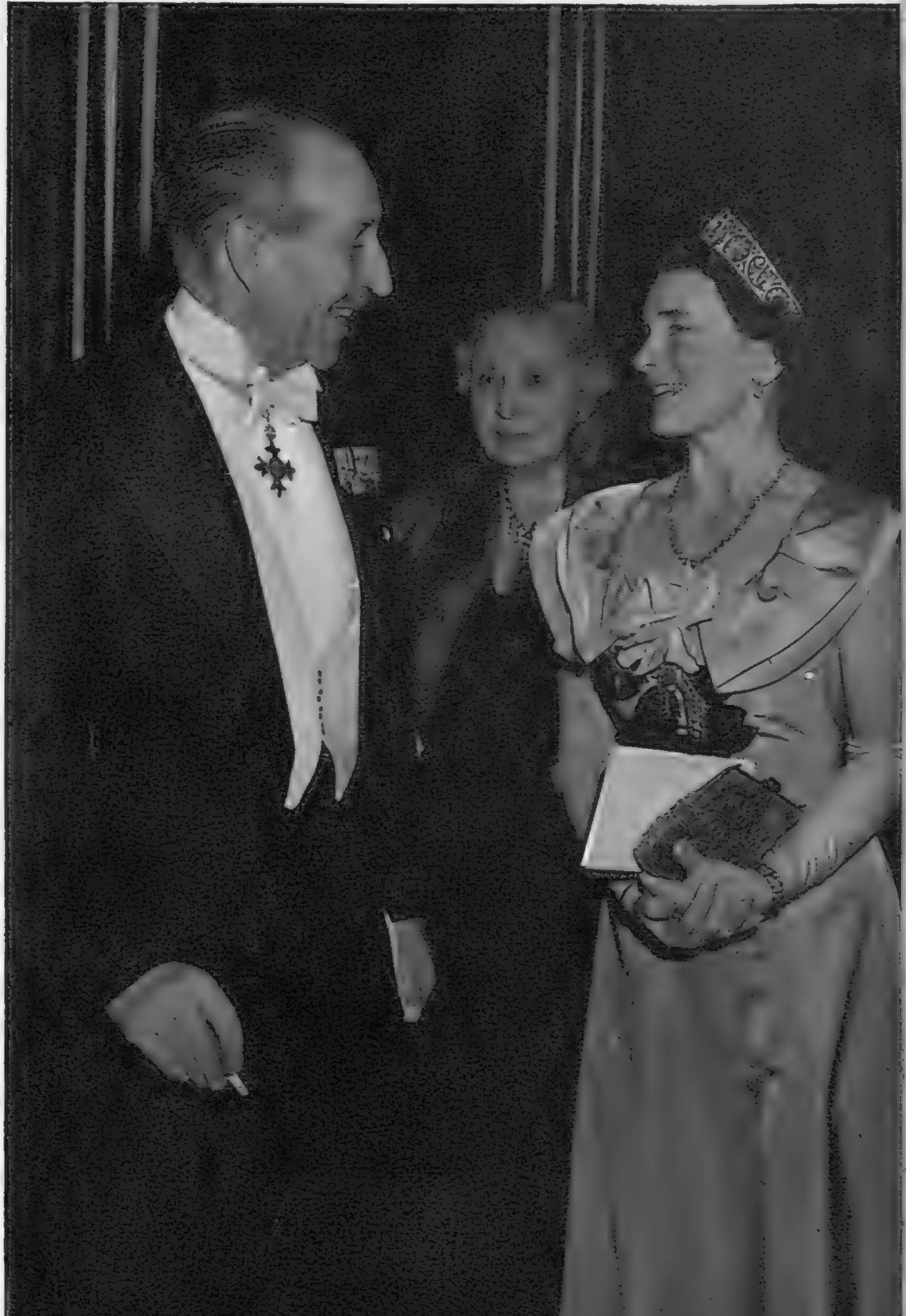


Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ronald Ross, Miss Dione Ryder, Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke and Miss Phillipa Ryder watch the arrival of some of the other guests.

Miss E. M. Macfarlane, who was for many years Lady Superintendent at St. George's Hospital, Bombay, and Miss G. E. Kelly wearing orchids.

Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. L. Mitchell and Mr. J. McDowell, who is President of the Birmingham Ulster Association, sat down to cocktails together before dinner.

Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas, Labour member for Lincoln, chatted with Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ronald and Lady Ross at the reception.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Basil Brooke, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, with the Duchess of Gloucester, who wore a charming dinner gown of old-gold-coloured taffeta and a magnificent diamond tiara. Lady O'Neill can be seen between them.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jack Emerald.

UP AND COMING

Janette Scott, the little girl with plaits, won everyone's heart in *Third Person*, the American play at the Arts recently. It was her first stage appearance, but already—and she is only twelve—she has a long line of films behind her: *No Place for Jennifer*, *The Galloping Major*, *No Highway*, *The Magic Box*. Her mother is the actress Thora Hird, so Janette has the right background.

Engagements

Yvonne Hambrook, eldest daughter of Colonel H. H. ROBINSON, M.B.E., M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Robinson of 7, Birdhurst Gardens, South Croydon, is engaged to Robert Joseph, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. HUGHES, of 131, Westmount Road, Eltham, S.E.9. Yvonne is a journalist working for a film company. Her fiancé has just come down from Cambridge.

Monica Enid, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Charles DICKENS, of 52, Chepstow Villas, W.11, with her fiancé, Commander Roy Olin STRATTON, U.S.N., of Washington, D.C. She is the great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens and is herself a well-known writer. *My Turn to Make the Tea*, her latest novel, was published by Michael Joseph last month. Her fiancé's next post will be in the Far East and she will continue writing there after their wedding, which is planned to take place in the early spring.

Priscilla Margaret, twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Salisbury FRY, of Delafords, Epping, Essex, will marry on December 15 at St. John's Church, Epping, Lieut. Martin DE MERIC, R.N., only son of the late Rear-Admiral Martin de Meric, M.V.O., and of Mrs. de Meric, of Lostwithiel, Weymouth, Dorset. Her fiancé is lecturing on gunnery at Portsmouth.

Joan, twin daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady CAIN, of Wargrave Manor, Wargrave, Berkshire, is engaged to Mr. Ian Merrick Cuthbertson HILL, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuthbertson Hill, of Warkworth, Northumberland. The wedding is planned to take place in April, 1952.

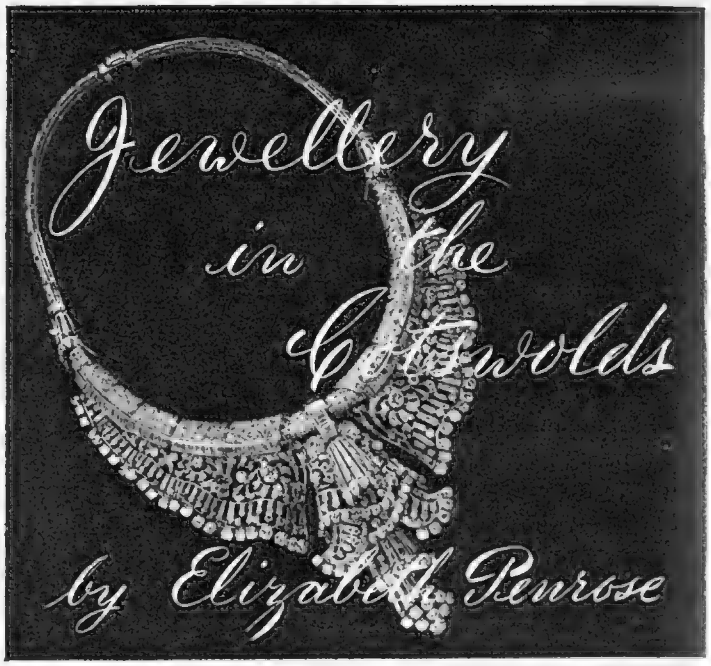
Denise Eileen, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wilfrid Haig LOYD, of 28, Sussex Lodge, Sussex Place, W.2, and also of Seaview, I. of W., and niece of Sir Charles Oakeley, will marry, shortly after Christmas, Richard Donald Ninian, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter FISHER, of Wood Bevington Manor, Alcester, Warwickshire.

Gwendoline Collette, second daughter of the late Major J. C. C. THOMAS and of Mrs. Thomas, of Burn Cottage, Bude, Cornwall, will marry on December 18 Major the Lord SEYMOUR, The Wiltshire Regiment, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Maiden Bradley, Warminster. Gwendoline was a wartime driver in the Women's Royal Naval Service.

Sheila Ann, elder daughter of the late Captain R. S. LOVATT, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Lovatt, of 10, Malvern Court, S.W.7, will marry, in January, Anthony Leonard à Court, elder son of Commander Vivian J. ROBINSON, R.N., of Henford, Warminster, Wilts, and of the Hon. Mrs. à Court Robinson, of Eastfield, Flax Bourton, near Bristol. Her fiancé is the nephew of Lord Heytesbury.

Sally Jennifer, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey PHILLIPS, of Beccles, Suffolk, and 4, Guilford Place, W.C.1, is engaged to Timothy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. SECKER, of Tudugalla, Tebuwana, Ceylon. She is nineteen and models clothes for a leading fashion house. Her fiancé is a tea planter in Ceylon, where they hope to marry next March.

Highlight of the show—the Festival palladium and diamond suite valued at over £20,000. Palladium is a little-known metal, rarer than gold, lustrous white in colour, untarnishable and half the weight of platinum. The filigree necklace, the three-tier chandelier ear-rings, the bracelet and ring are all flexible and set with diamonds. From Beard's, of Cheltenham, or Wilson and Gill, Regent Street.



A secret staircase from the Ingle Nook leads up to several bed-chambers. Our model Pamela wears a ballet-length dress by Elizabeth Henry. The bodice is white satin, the skirt net over taffeta, the apron front pink and white shaded organdie petals. With it, a delicate diamond necklace of the Victorian era valued at £880, and pretty latticed sandals.

The Cromwell Room has a fine Elizabethan fireplace and ceiling enriched with magnificent plaster ornament—the Protector slept here in 1651. May wears Rima's dress of grey lace worked on brown net—as simple in line as the room is ornate ; a net stole, and ropes of pearls round neck and wrists.

Mr. T. Kenneth Waite, a director of the Cheltenham jewellers sponsoring the show, kept his audience informed and amused. "This price £1,195 includes the ruby and diamond clips, the ear-rings and brooch—but not Shirley!" Behind him hangs a magnificent sixteenth-century Flemish tapestry.

In the Red Lounge some of the younger set look with envy at the jewellery laid out for display on an old Elizabethan table. Rhinestones, pearls and gold snake pieces outnumber the antiques.

NOT all spectacular displays of fashion and jewellery take place inside Mayfair. One most unusual and interesting was held recently in a magnificent old inn in the heart of the Cotswold country. Set back a little from the long, wide street running through the picturesque tourist haunt of Broadway lies *The Lygon Arms*, one of the loveliest of Tudor buildings in Cotswold stone. Inside, with beautiful old furniture shining with the polish of good housekeeping, and log fires blazing in open hearths, the inn became, for one evening, all bustle and excitement.

A well-known firm of Cheltenham goldsmiths and silversmiths had invited customers and county folk from surrounding districts in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, to attend a dance in the Great Hall and to enjoy after dinner (cooked in the best English tradition) a Jewel Fashion Show.

Not only did we see the newest ideas in jewellery, but also how these new pieces should be worn, how the most could be made of little: after all, to wear the same old brooch in the same old way spells monotony. Able commentator Mr. T. Kenneth Waite kept his audience informed, entertained, and was full of helpful suggestions. To invest in the enduring worth of diamonds, he thought, was one way of celebrating a birthday, an anniversary, or a moment of special meaning. A diamond clip was a wondrous gift. Your selection may be modest—a small precious metal clip or pin with a single stone for under £1; or majestic—an all-diamond cluster for over £2000.

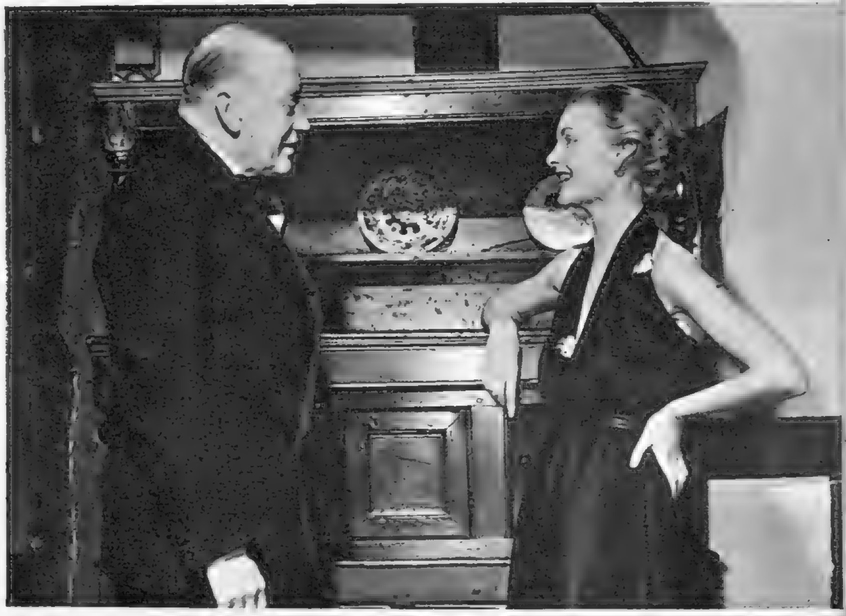
Dresses designed by Dorville, Elizabeth Henry, Marcus, Rima and Frederick Starke, and shown by courtesy of an Evesham fashion house, had been chosen with jewellery in mind. Most were simple in line and with the minimum of trimming. Dress jewellery, both effective and inexpensive, splendid antique pieces and contemporary jewels (some set in palladium), provided the decoration.

The lesson from this show is that at all costs (and these need not be great) we must wear our jewels in a new way. We must be original, daring and imaginative. Take your lapel pin from your jacket and wear it on your hip. Buy one of the new big, carbuncle brooches for your waist, or pin it high on your shoulder. Don't hang on to that single string of seed pearls—much newer are ropes as fat as your wrist, and collarettes of pearls have reached a new depth of some 3 ins.. Clip *both* diamond ear-rings on one ear and sweep your hair over to one side to show them off. Rhinestones are the "rage" and you may pay for them what you like—small ear-rings for one guinea or elaborate ones for many pounds. Since Princess Elizabeth wore one recently, basket brooches set with precious stones have become fashionable—a very beautiful example was shown for £135. My favourite piece among so many fine pieces was a charming little fob watch set with diamonds which cost £350.

High-light of the evening was the Festival palladium and diamond suite valued at £20,000. It was exhibited in the Dome of Discovery on the South Bank during the summer. Palladium is perhaps the least-known of the three precious metals of the jeweller's craft. It is less costly than platinum and rarer than gold. Because it is also lighter in weight than platinum, it is more suitable for large, heavy-looking pieces of jewellery.

And now a word about this historic old inn which since 1820 has been owned by the Lygon family. The greater part of it dates from the early sixteenth century. It was a prosperous coaching inn during the late Georges. With the development of the railways, Broadway became an unimportant, off-the-map village and the inn was sadly neglected. In 1904 the late Mr. S. B. Russell bought it and with the help of his two sons, Mr. D. G. S. Russell and Mr. Gordon Russell, the famous designer of furniture and chairman of the Design Panel, Board of Trade, with great care and sympathy restored and modernised it, and filled it with beautiful period furniture until to-day few, if any, other inns in the world have a finer collection.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.



Mr. D. G. S. Russell, who with his brother, Gordon Russell, and D. J. Barrington (resident Manager), is a co-director of *The Lygon Arms*, admires the two diamond clips which blonde model Shirley wears in her Frederick Starke black velvet and faille cocktail dress.

Model May sweeps down the Great Hall in Rima's grand double-skirted ball dress. The material is a new silver-grey lamé grosgrain, the over-skirt is lined with fuschia velvet. With it—a magnificent amethyst necklace and bracelets on each wrist. The oak-panelled walls are lined with people; over the stone fireplace pewter gleams.

MRS. PUTTS By PETER ENDER

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

THE new collection of Somerset Maugham's short stories, *Encore*, follows the pattern set by *Quartet* and *Trio*. That is to say, the several films, differing in style and mood, have been made by different directors with different artists, and the author himself is on hand to introduce each story; telling us how he came to write this particular tale, flattering the customer with a glimpse of a Great Writer amongst his books, and sometimes even surprised in the act of opening a *de luxe* volume.

The three stories chosen here don't add up to quite such a felicitous collection as their predecessors, but the middle episode—*Winter Cruise*—rates very high marks indeed as an individual item. This is mainly on account of the wonderful performance given by Kay Walsh in what amounts practically to a thirty-minute solo turn; but it is also a shrewd and warm-hearted story, with a neat twist in the tail; it is excellently played by the male supporting cast, and Anthony Pelissier, striking real form for the first time, has directed it most admirably.

The heroine of *Winter Cruise* is the sort of woman whom all travellers know. "She had a heart of gold," her author tells us, "and she was a crashing bore." During a holiday cruise to Jamaica she makes it her business to be hail-fellow-well-met with all the passengers on board. When her fellow-tourists leave the ship before the return voyage, she turns her attention to the crew. "Swear as much as you like and don't mind me," she adjures them, tossing back a pink gin like a man. In their despair they conceive a scheme to get her off their hands with a romance. The handsome young French steward is the victim picked for sacrifice. He does his best, but the lady does better still, and the disembarkation at Tilbury finds her still mistress of the situation.

With exaggerated acting, the picture could have been quite a bore. Miss Walsh is shrewd enough to know this, and never lets the part get out of hand. "I *liked* her," admits Mr. Maugham, "and I hope you will." We do. Her intentions are so kind, her enthusiasm so genuine, her delight in such simple things as breasting a storm or feeding the sea-gulls is so artless, and she takes her rebuffs so well, that we feel genuinely sorry when we have to say good-bye. At the private show, this little film got a big round of applause, and thoroughly deserved it.

The other episodes in *Encore* are not in the class of *Winter Cruise*. The first, *The Ant and the Grasshopper*, is a passable light curtain-raiser, with Roland Culver and Nigel Patrick making the most of obviously signalled jokes about the industrious brother who never gets anywhere, and the idle, wastrel brother who finds a snug place in the sun. *Gigolo and Gigolette* is more seriously intended, and Mr. Maugham makes it clear in his introduction that he doesn't really approve of the sort of antics it involves. The central character is a young woman who earns a living for herself and her husband, and gives the patrons of a Riviera luxury hotel a vicarious thrill, by diving twice-nightly into 5 ft. of blazing water from an 80-ft. tower. After several seasons of this sort of thing, she begins to lose her nerve, but her husband, who wants to save enough money to settle down and buy a garage, urges her to go on. He isn't a bad chap at all, just a rather unimaginative one, and the point of the story is that hardly anybody, even your nearest and dearest, knows when the real breaking-point comes.

A film with such a serious subject needed, I think, rather more sensitive treatment than it gets. Too much time is spent on showing us "colourful" details of life on the Riviera; not enough on a careful development of the girl's panic fear. This is mainly the fault of director and script-writer, but I can't help feeling that Glynis Johns was not quite the actress for the job. Never, for one instant, did she strike me as the type of professional turn who would climb, as a matter of routine, into black spangles and dive into a lake of flames. Miss Johns is a darling, but for this film, the wrong sort. Terence Morgan, as her husband, manages to be more convincing. He hasn't much to go on, but he goes ahead undeterred, and his sketch of a smartly confident young man, with the right togs, but a voice and bearing just off-colour, is something commendably in the Maugham vein.

With Alistair Sim playing the title rôle, *Scrooge*—the new version of *A Christmas Carol*—is unconventional. The Dickens story has been unashamedly turned into a "vehicle" for this licensed clown, and barely has time to be sentimental between the antics. All through the ghost scenes, which are done to the most fearful accompaniment of clankings and groanings, Mr. Sim gibbers and grimaces in a comic parody of terror. When he wakes from the last nightmare to find himself alive on Christmas morning after all, his jubilation knows no bounds. He capers, he dances, he sings and he stands on his head; after which the whole of the final sequence is taken on the run. It cannot be denied that this sort of treatment puts new life into Scrooge's old bones, but I wouldn't be prepared to say that it is the sort of life that Dickens lovers will applaud. Noel Langley has added to *Scrooge* a good deal of hearty dialogue in a style to suit the new vein, and although I am not a fanatic about preserving the Master's every word, I couldn't help sympathising with a character who observes on one occasion, "Strike that speech out of the minutes."

The touchingly lovely little Italian actress, Pier Angeli, adorns the Hollywood film called *The Light Touch*, and confirms the impression given in her earlier *Teresa* that she is America's most exciting import from the Continent since Sweden provided the young Ingrid Bergman. The fellow lucky enough to share the close-up kisses with her—and there are a great many of them—is our Stewart Granger, who acts rather better than usual, but not quite as well as his young partner and not nearly as decoratively.

The story, set in Tunis and Sicily amongst some highly beneficial scenery, is about the theft of a religious painting, and the scheme of a couple of the thieves to double-cross their colleagues by persuading a girl artist with a "renaissance touch" to copy it. The twists and turns of the long plot are distinctly ingenious, and I found myself fascinated by the practical hints on faking old masters, and the way to detect such fakes by scientific methods. Most of the dialogue is well above the average, and George Sanders, as smooth and scoundrelly as ever, is at hand to put a final polish on the best of it. A pleasing film altogether, but Pier Angeli remains its chief delight.

The worst thing I have seen in a cinema for a very long time is a piece called *Another Man's Poison*, and although Bette Davis and her husband, Gary Merrill, play two of the three leading parts in it, I grieve to have to say that it was perpetrated in England. The third star is our own Emlyn Williams, who plays a character new to me in fiction, a vet. detective. The scene is wildest Yorkshire, and the story has been aptly described by one of my colleagues as Wuthering Depths.

Miss Davis appears as a popular crime novelist who decides to get rid of an inconvenient husband with an overdose of horse medicine. Since dumping his body in the farm is a job for two, a second dose of the nostrum is clearly indicated for her partner in crime. And since ladies can't do these things on the screen and get away with them, it's also fairly obvious that the last dose will be reserved for her own gullet.

There is no need for anyone else to act in this preposterous piece, for Bette Davis acts enough for ten. Never has she given us such a display of eye-rolling, nostril-flaring, mouth-twisting and cigarette-tormenting; never has she pulled all her tricks out of the bag with such reckless abandon. The film ends on a peal of demented laughter, and a very proper ending too.

RELATIVE VALUES

Judy Campbell plays a leading rôle in Noël Coward's new light comedy *Relative Values* which opened at the Savoy Theatre on November 28. She shares the leads with Gladys Cooper and Angela Baddeley; plays an English girl turned Hollywood film star. During the war she had her first big stage triumph in Noël Coward's *Present Laughter*.

In private life she is the wife of Lieut.-Commander David Birkin, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., who farms in Berkshire, and mother of three sturdy children. Sitting on the fence at their home, Rowbury Farm, Leckhamstead, are Andrew, Jane and baby Linda with their talented young mother.

Right: Judy's romantic black velvet evening gown, with more than a touch of Hollywood glamour about it, was designed by Ann Ashworth of London. It has a halter neckline, and crimped ribbon trimming. (Rocha, of Grafton Street, and Mcdonald's, of Harrogate, stock it.)

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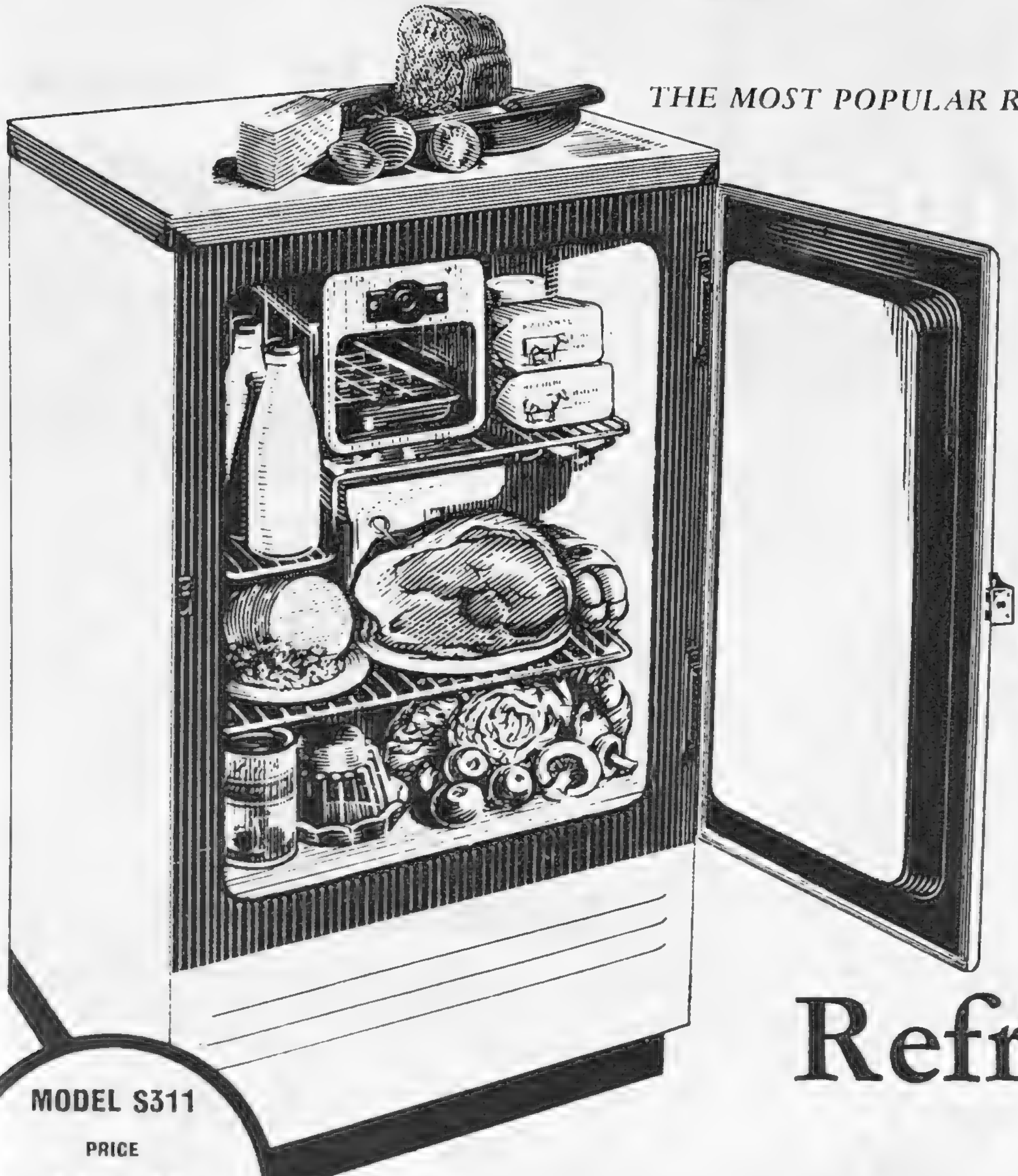

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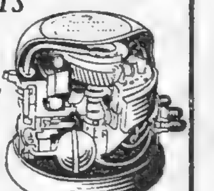

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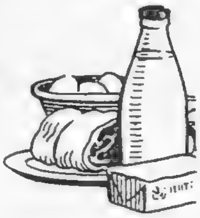

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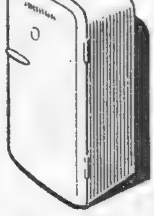

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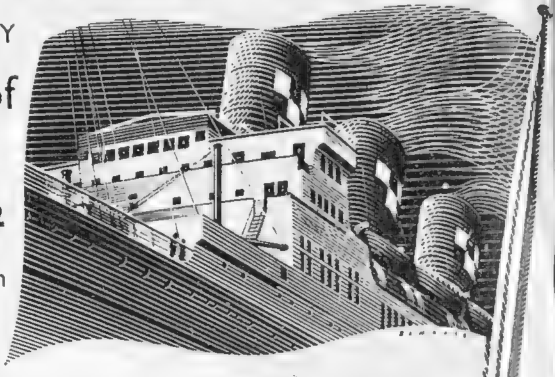

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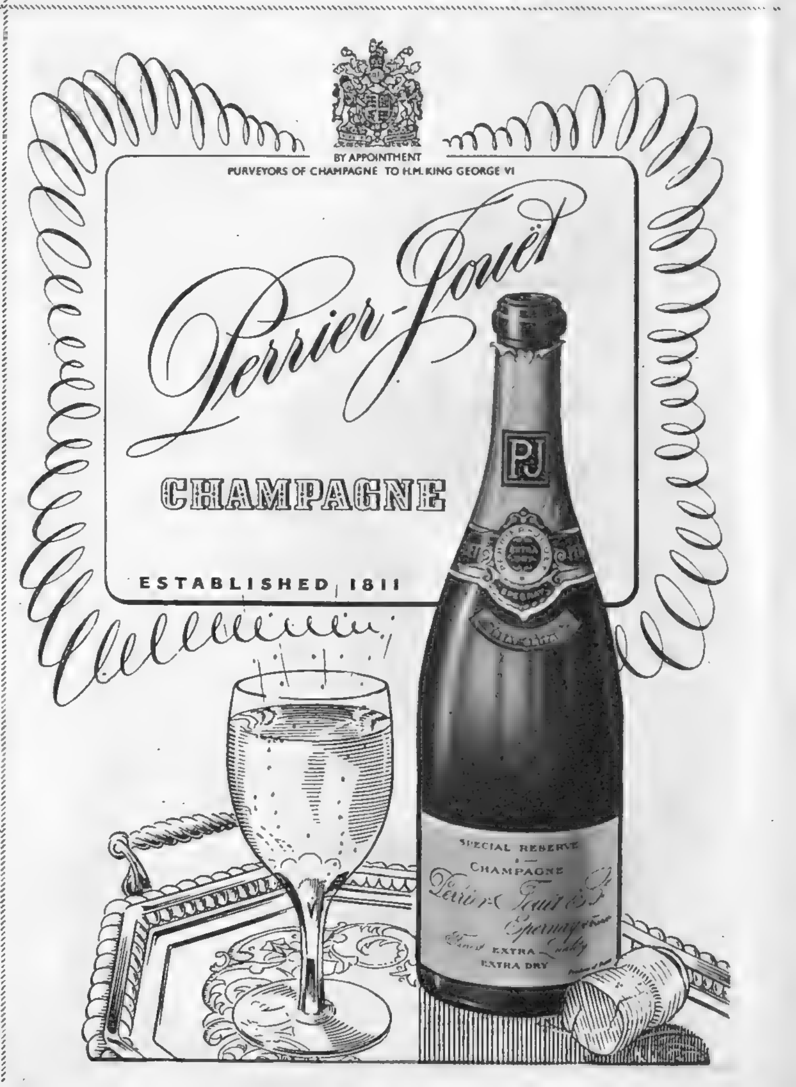
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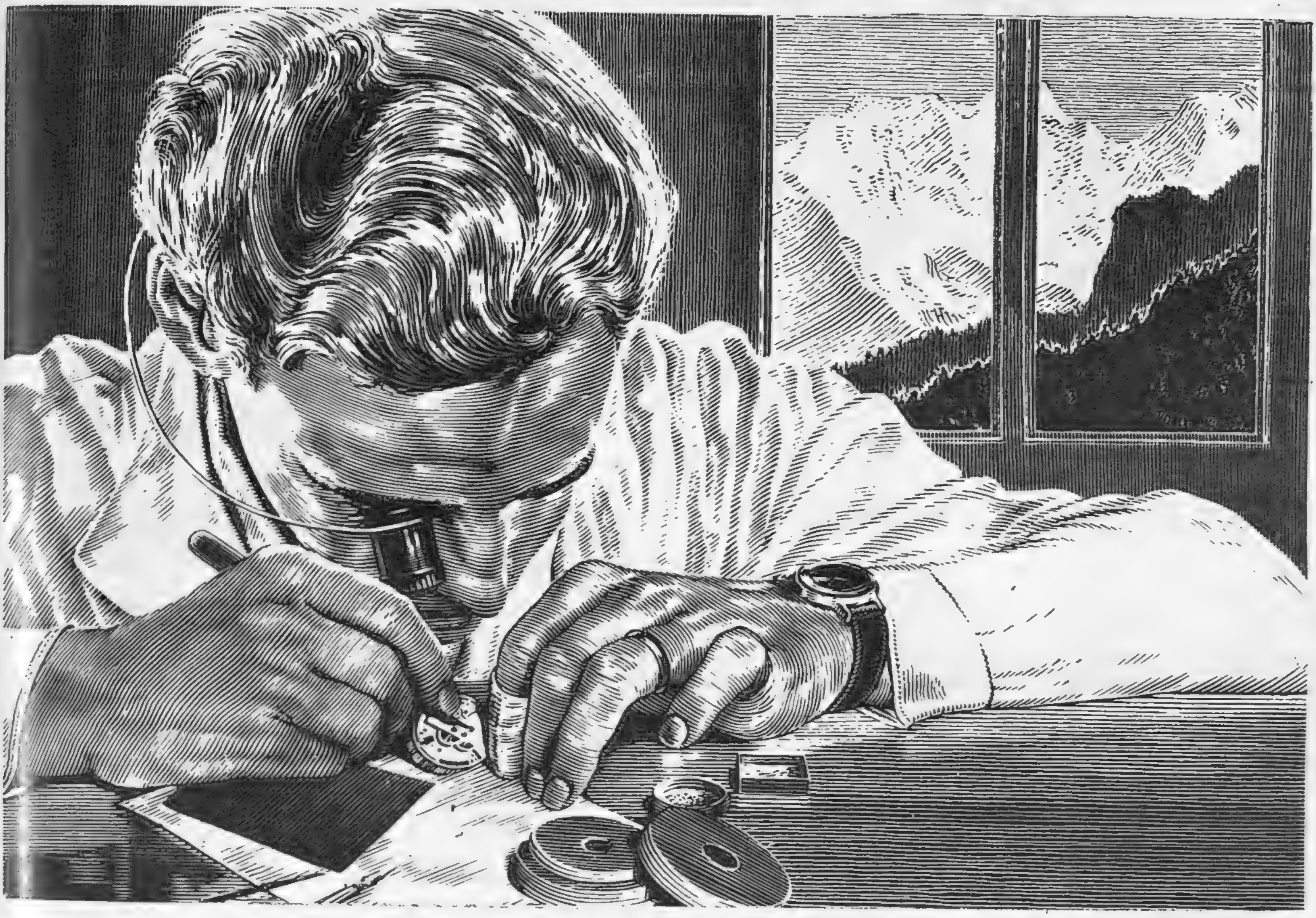

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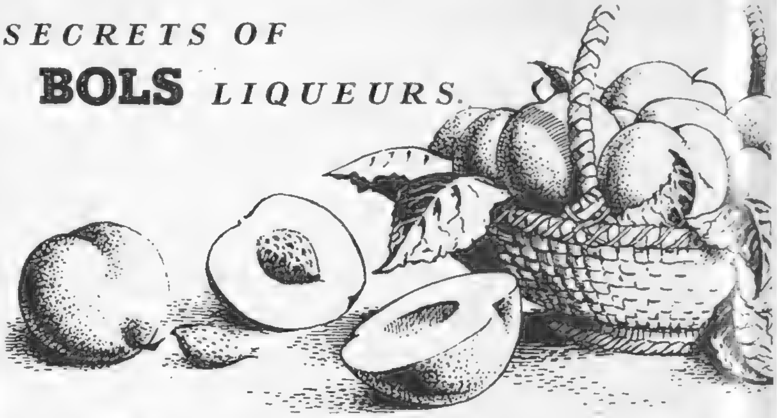

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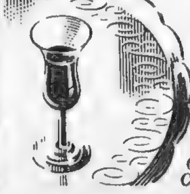

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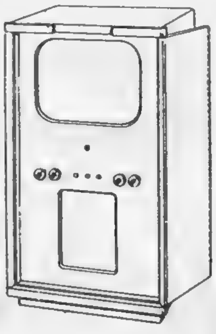

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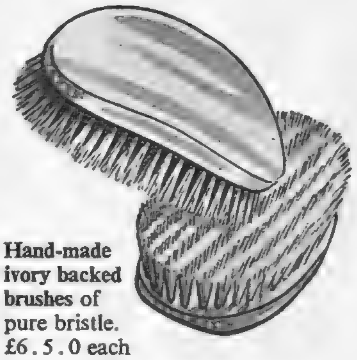

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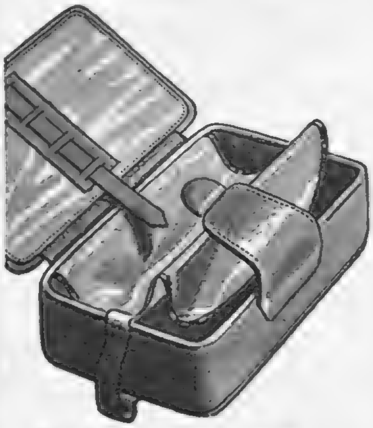

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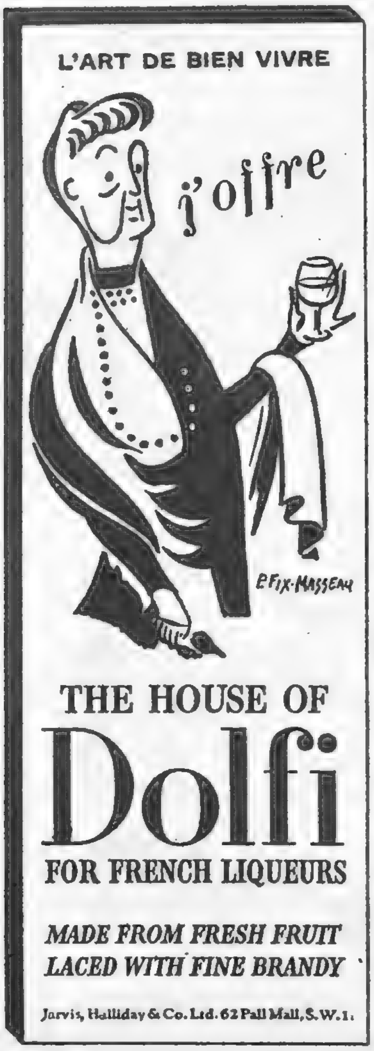
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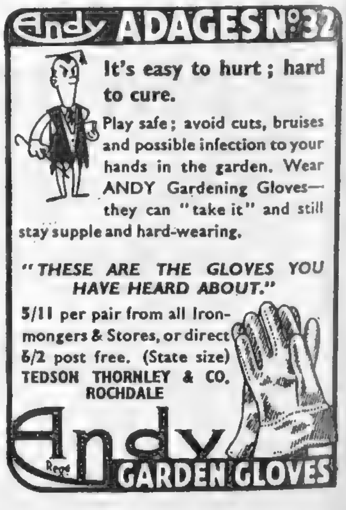
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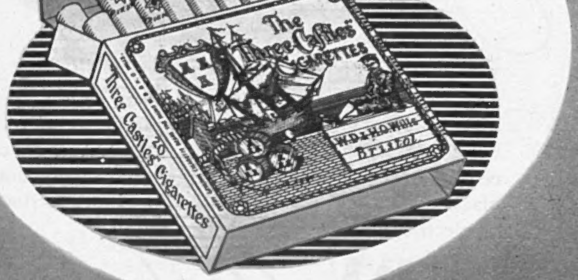

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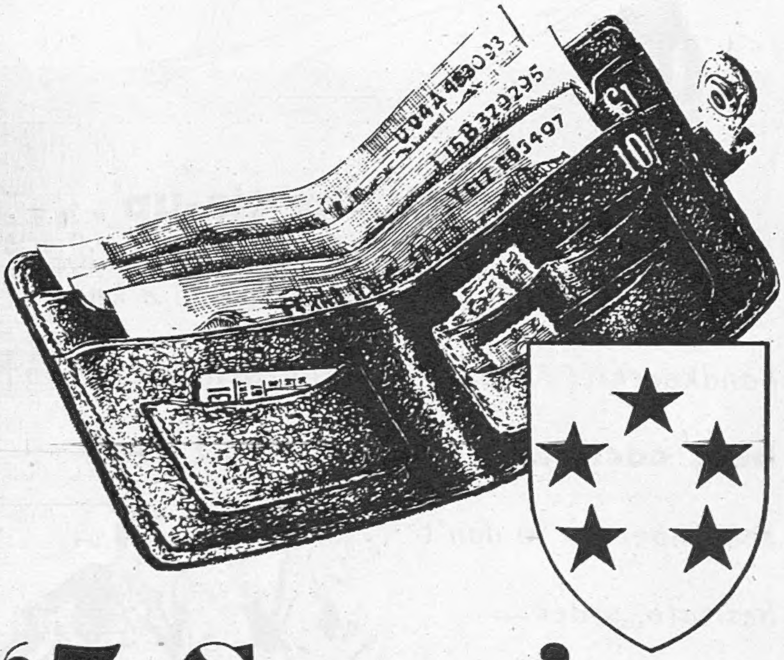

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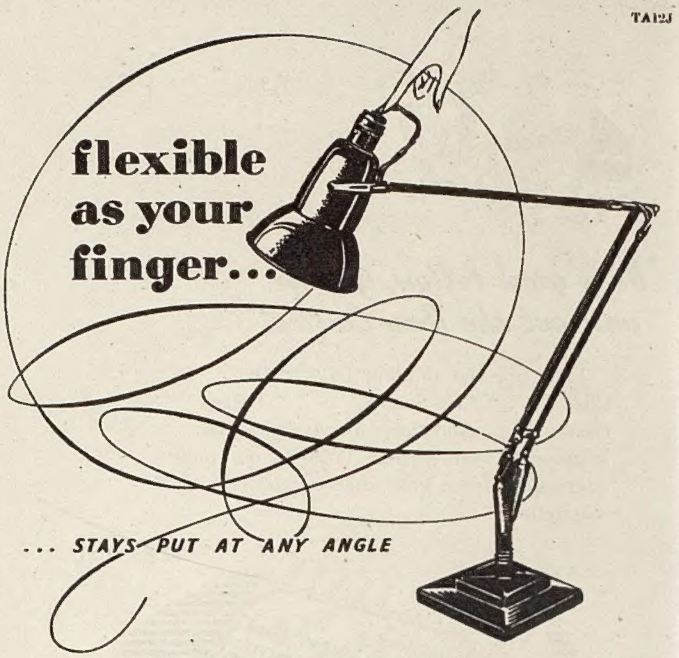

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